JOHN BULL, JULY 1, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1411.

MOST FEARLESS JUDGE SEE PAGES 10 AND 11

JOHN BULL

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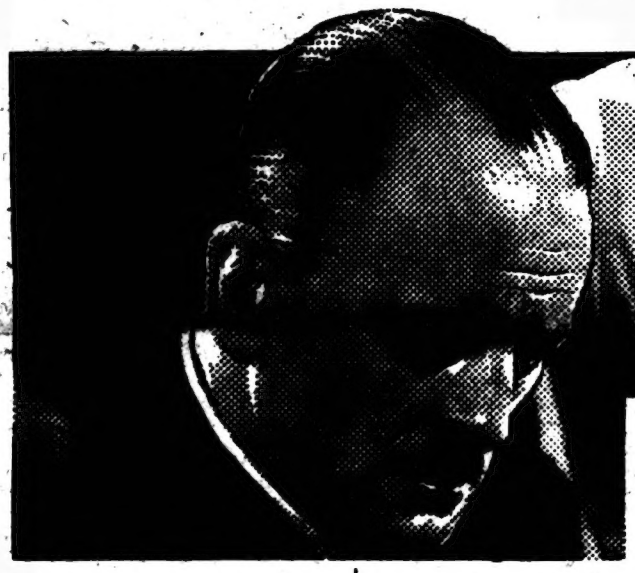

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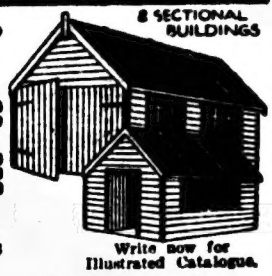

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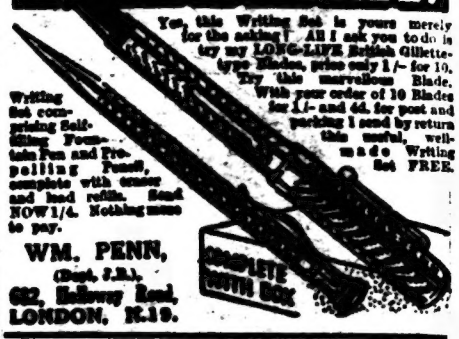

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10 0	7 0	7 0	4 6	8 5 0	7 10 0	2 0 0	0 14 0
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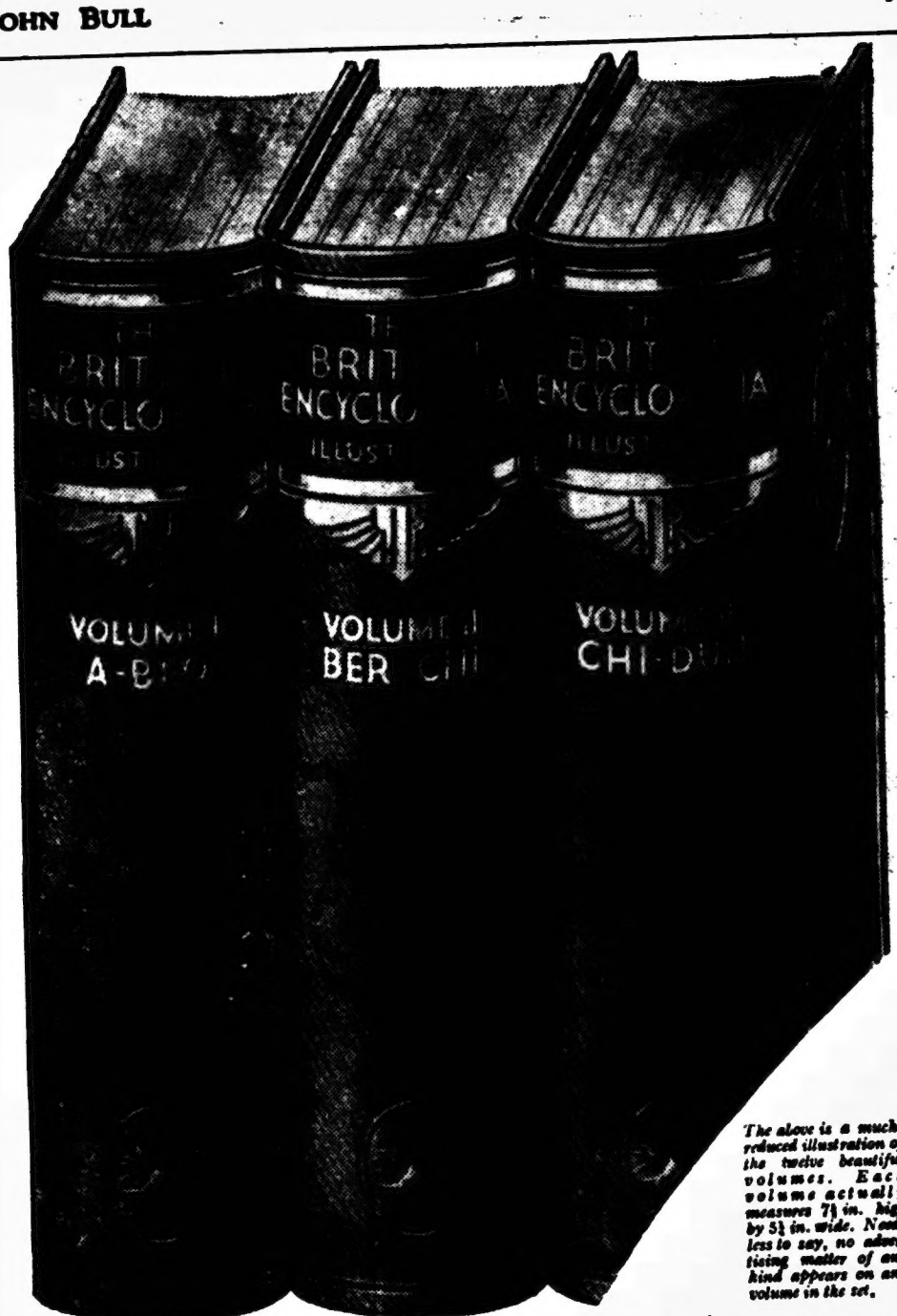

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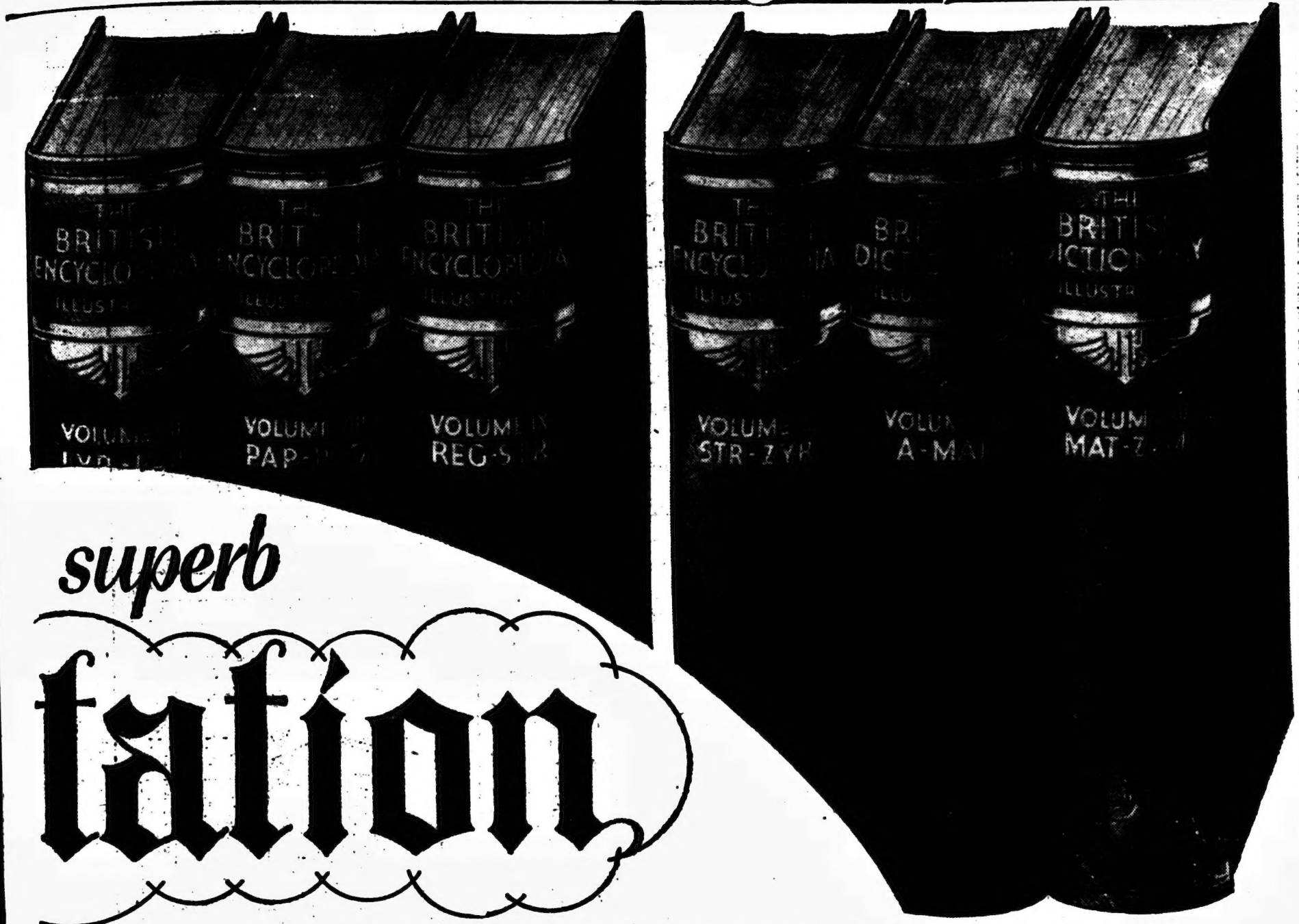

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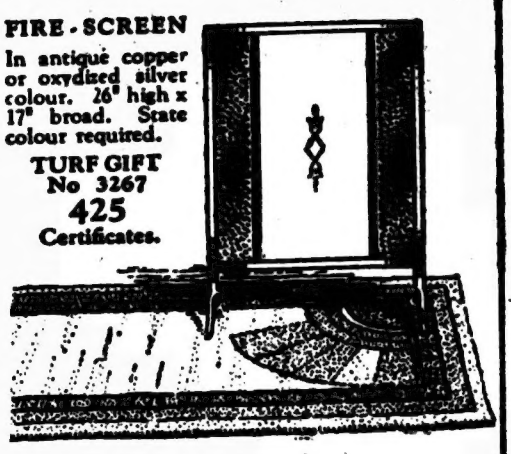

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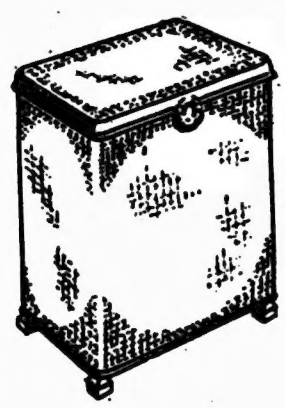

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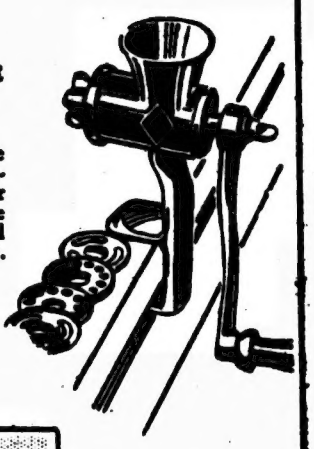

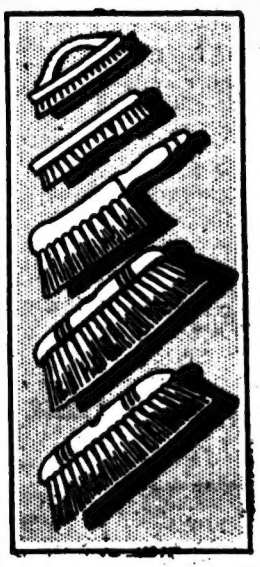

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(T. L)

Without Fear or Favour

"John Bull," 1/7/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, July 1, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
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Married Men, BEWARE!

LAST year in the police courts of England and Wales there were 167,000 applications for separation and maintenance orders, and the number of separation orders granted reached the colossal total of nearly 35,000.

For the past ten years the number has been steadily going up and up, until now it is estimated that there are more than 250,000 husbands in this country paying separation and maintenance orders. Between 30,000 and 40,000 of the marriages are childless.

Every week JOHN BULL's Free Advice Department is called upon to deal with shoals of letters from husbands and wives whose marriages are headed for disaster. Great consideration is given to every case, and from letters we subsequently receive, we can claim in all modesty that we have saved a tremendous number of marriages from joining the piled-up wreckage which our courts are adding to every day.

But the point is, it should not be necessary for a newspaper to have to fulfil this task.

It is a sad fact that so much work of our courts is devoted, if not to actually wrecking marriages, certainly not to mending them. It is a notorious fact that the majority of magistrates dislike hearing matrimonial cases, and in numerous courts they are got rid of as quickly as possible.

In fact, one authority has said that if a magistrate tries to get to the bottom of the differences between husband and wife, he is going *beyond his duties.*

Yet one would have thought that the law's first concern would be to let the parties freely state in court the real cause of their troubles, so that a magistrate might be able to give advice that would avoid the granting of a separation and the wrecking of one more home.

Wives bring 98 per cent. of the cases, and usually they get the order they want.

THE husband seldom puts in an appearance (he is often at work). Even if he isn't, his absence should not be construed into an admission of guilt. Quite often what causes him to stay away is the simple human dislike of washing "dirty linen" in public, and the fear of the publicity effect a protracted hearing would have on his job and his friends. He may also take up the attitude of—"Well, if my wife goes as far as that . . . then everything is past mending."

In any case, the law, as it stands, is almost entirely on the side of the woman. An aggrieved wife may apply for an order on numerous grounds—assault, desertion, cruelty, neglect to maintain, drunkenness, or cruelty to the children are merely a few of them.

Where there are dissensions in a home it behoves a married man to tread warily, or he may easily find himself paying separation allowance before he realises what has happened.

Recently, a Devonshire woman who secured a separation, with ample maintenance, *stated that spirit messages from her two dead sons had told her that her husband was "carrying on" with another woman.*

In a Leicestershire case a few weeks ago separation and maintenance were granted to a woman who pleaded "refined" cruelty because her husband "stopped out late at night." That merely meant, according to the husband, that for six weeks he had played billiards at a club he had helped to found, for two nights a week. *But his wife got her order.*

On the other hand, a husband can get a separation on only two grounds, habitual drunkenness by his wife or cruelty to her children.

Some time ago a woman walked into a public-house, where her husband was playing dominoes, and struck at him with an axe. The following day he went to the courts and asked for a separation. He quoted the axe episode as only one instance of assaults made upon him. But he did not get a separation.

Day by day court hearings of matrimonial troubles expose the unfairness of the present law and the inadequacy of its machinery to deal with this ever-growing problem.

Occasionally, pundits of the Bench, the Bar and the Church acknowledge its existence by blaming its assumed causes. Unemployment, the decline in church-going, the growth of popular amusements, all come in for blame. But nothing is *done* to solve the problem.

MEANWHILE, we are rapidly approaching a state when for every marriage made there is one broken. Our jails are being filled with 4,000 husbands every year who cannot or will not pay the maintenance orders casually made against them by apathetic courts. And a highly objectionable type of English womanhood is being encouraged—the alimony grabber.

These are the women who marry to get, if anything goes wrong, a separation order "pension for life"; flapper wives who draw the husband's "dole," and work, when they feel like it, for extra "spending money"!

"There are now many thousands of such wives," declared the secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union recently. "They marry with the idea of drawing a separation allowance, and, in numerous cases, deliberately make the home impossible. Then, when the husband is driven from home, they sue for desertion and receive an allowance for life."

Many a wrecked marriage might have been saved like this—in a Court of Domestic Relations

THE law allows this kind of thing, and the Bench for the most part delivers judgments which strike us as being the reverse of either common humanity or common-sense.

They all point in one direction.

The administration of our matrimonial laws should be taken out of the hands of the ordinary courts altogether and placed in the care of a properly constituted Court of Domestic Relations, with powers to hear both sides—a court that would try arbitration before it exercised its punitive sanctions.

It will be recalled that Lord Snell has put such a proposal before both Houses of Parliament. But all without avail.

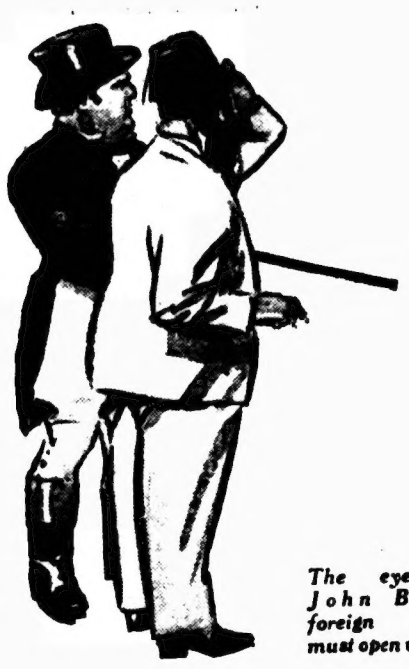
Yet every civilised country has such a court with the sole exception of England.

Well, the sooner we cease to be the exception, the better for all concerned.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Some Eye-Openers for the Delegates from Abroad

Is it a Crime to Ask for Work?



The eyes of John Bull's foreign guests must open wide—

BRITAIN in 1933! What must the foreign delegates to the World Economic Conference have thought of some of it when they read our newspapers during the last few days?

First there was the report that one child out of every ten born in Tilbury last year died before reaching the age of one year.

The really appalling thing about this figure is that it is 50 per cent. higher than in the previous year.

What a comment on the cutting-down of maternity benefits and child-welfare services!

What a tale for the delegates from what we call the "less civilised countries" who are now in London!

Charity faileth

Another story that must have amazed them concerns the Surbiton ambulance that turned back and left a dying man because he was a few yards on the wrong side of the borough boundary.

It doesn't surprise us. We have almost grown tired of attacking those local councils who carry their love of red-tape even to the point of refusing help to the dying.

But let us repeat our demand that the Government should put an end to this revolting system that is fit only for a cannibal island.

Divorce dithering

If our visitors are looking for other strange aspects of our social life, let them study the case of Alfred Cole, of Bath, who has just died of cancer.

In May, Mr. Justice Langton (all honour to him!) speeded up the divorce decree absolute of a woman so that she could marry the dying man.

Hundreds of other people have been robbed of that consolation. Why England alone should insist on a six months' agonising delay between the granting of a divorce and its confirmation beats us and probably beats everyone else.

Penalising the thrifty

Then they must have read about the Minister of Health, who has shown himself very eager to economise, but who appears equally eager to discourage other people from saving.

A London hospital sister saved enough money to buy a small annuity. When she retired the L.C.C. proposed to pay her only half the usual gratuity because of her savings. But Sir Hilton Young refused to allow even that.

We should like to hear what the Conference delegates think about it.

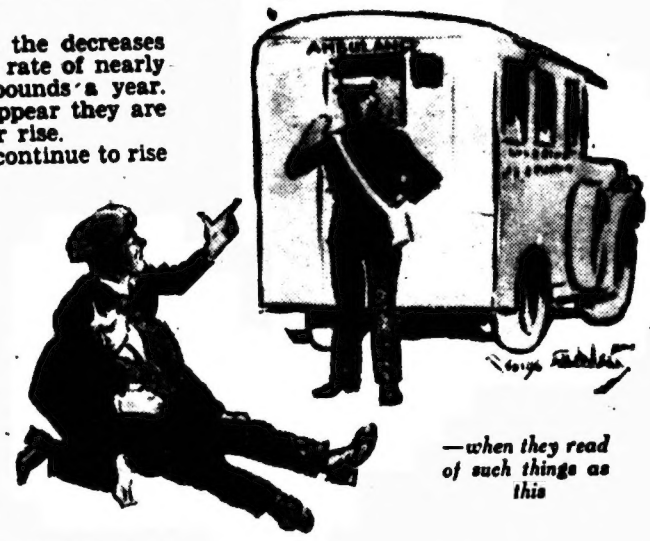
Higher wages—at last

For years we have been urging higher wages, so we have reason to be pleased with the latest figures issued by the Ministry of Labour.

They show that in May the weekly increases granted exceeded the decreases by £4,250—that is at the rate of nearly a quarter of a million pounds a year. When the June figures appear they are likely to record a further rise.

And we hope they will continue to rise sharply every month.

Children the Law Ignores



—when they read of such things as this

In the dumps

We sympathise with the farmers who complain that they are being ruined by the flood of Empire imports resulting from the Ottawa Agreement.

Mr. Thomas has admitted in Parliament that Australian butter is being dumped on the London market at only two-thirds of its price in Australia. Canadian cheese is also undercutting the home producers and forcing them to close down their creameries.

Is this the way to promote Empire feeling? And is it to be allowed to continue?

Two-edged sword

But we are not very sorry that some of our sleepy manufacturers are finding Protection a two-edged sword.

Foreign firms that have come here and set up factories under the shelter of the Tariff are introducing new methods and driving them out of business.

Now they are appealing to the Government to prevent any more foreign firms from coming without a special licence.

We hope the Government advises them first to put their own house in order.

Sparing the babies

We are glad the Manchester Watch Committee has taken action about the Whitsun religious processions, for we are certain that no Church wants infants to trudge for hours until exhausted.

The last Manchester "Walk" resulted in nearly two thousand casualties, but the police will see in future that children under seven do not take part.

Every other town should do likewise.

A work "crime"

But we trust no policeman follows the example of the Bradford inspector who summoned a man for asking for work!

The man was going from house to house offering to clean drains, so the officer charged him with acting as a pedlar without a licence.

After some caustic comments, the magistrates dismissed the case. We're sorry it was ever brought.

The law's outcasts

It was also exasperating to read the Court of Appeal's decision that an adopted child is not a "member of the family," and therefore not entitled to share in compensation payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act on the death of the head of the family.

That may be good law, but it isn't good sense.

We say nothing of children only recently adopted. But what about those who have been "in the family" for ten years or more? Surely they are entitled to some consideration from the law!

A son to shun

Sometimes adopted sons are better than the natural ones. Anyway, if there's a more callous son anywhere than James Thatcher, of Maidenhead, we hope we never meet him.

His mother is aged eighty-five. When she asked her little grandson to go home after he had been playing in her garden, her son doubled his fists and struck her violently in the mouth.

The magistrates were hardly severe when they merely bound him over for twelve months.

A strange Bench

Now consider the case of another brute—Bombardier Wm. James, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich.

While on holiday in Exeter with his wife and two children he indecently assaulted a six-year-old girl.

Presumably the magistrates thought they were meeting the demands of Justice when they bound him over for two years. We don't.

Reward her!

Brave rescues from drowning are so common that we rarely refer to them, but we hope the Carnegie Trust will recognise the feat of little Dorothy Wild, of Smethwick.

She's only twelve, but last week she saved from the River Severn first a woman and then a young man who had got into difficulties while trying to save the woman!

Widow's might

For mighty coolness, let us pay tribute to the heroine of a very different episode.

An aged Surrey widow, Mrs. M. C. Fawcett, found a burglar in her room early one morning. He said he was starving and had entered by the window, but declined her polite invitation to depart by the same way in case he broke his neck!

So Mrs. Fawcett took him downstairs, gave him a meal and a shilling, and showed him out by the front door.

Another hospital tragedy

We can imagine nothing more terrible than the mistake of a Birkenhead hospital nurse in placing nitric acid on the eyes of a new-born baby, with the result that the child has been blinded for life.

Admittedly, everyone is liable to err, but tragic blunders of this sort are becoming far too frequent.

We repeat that it is time a full enquiry was made to allay public uneasiness.

Death mongers

And we see there has been another case of gossip wrecking a home and bringing misery and death to an innocent person.

Mrs. Mary Fairbrother, of Oldham, was a happy woman with three fine children. Then the vile tongues of scandal mongers falsely linked her name with that of a local tradesman.

The poor woman was not strong enough to ignore the slander and poisoned herself. The coroner expressed the hope that the lying gossipers would be made unhappy by their consciences for a long time to come.

Yes, and we wish we knew their names.

Water on the brain?

So the Lowestoft lifeboat had to be sent to the aid of the German girl and youth who are paddling round Britain in collapsible rubber canoes. The German girl is racing a Londoner.

The whole idea seems to us to be not only useless but daft, to say nothing of the trouble it is giving to lifeboatmen.

If it goes on like this the most likely result would appear to be a dead-heat.

Battle's lesson

The news item that pleased us most during the past week came from the Sussex town of Battle.

It told how the residents, having no unemployment in the town, have "adopted" the northern village of Prudhoe, where 60 per cent. of the inhabitants are drawing either the "dole" or public relief.

That may not be an ideal solution of our industrial troubles, but it's a fine lesson to those who argue that the South is indifferent towards the hard-hit North.

Cheap

Robert Brown Fleming Wylie is a Cambridge undergrad. And—it seems to us—several other things as well.

While a constable was telephoning from a police box he cut the wire with a pair of pliers. If there had been a fire or accident during the night disastrous delay might have occurred.

Robert Brown Fleming Wylie expressed regret "for a rather foolish act" and was fined £3 and costs—a reasonable charge for teaching a man that he's a fool.

A trap to shut

What we have been saying for years was echoed by Judge Parsons at Bristol the other day, when he described as "a trap" a letter written by the Workers' Protection Association, of Gray's Inn Road, London.

This precious body had induced an accident victim to embark on litigation, stipulating that she should hand over 2s. in the £ of the damages awarded her.

Our readers know that this is an old game. When on earth will it be stopped?

Just crazy

Apropos of our article on allotments last week, Alderman Berry, of the L.C.C., has just spoken some sound good sense on the problem.

He says that unemployed allotment holders should not be sent away, sometimes in the middle of the season, to take a three months' course at a training college. They then lose the fruits of their labour and are deprived of the "dole."

The men who should be trained are those who have nothing else to do. The other way is absurd.

Not square

Whatever salaries teachers deserve, those employed by the London County Council can well complain that they are not getting a fair deal.

For in 1931 the L.C.C. reduced their salaries and those of its clerical officials "as a measure of economy to help the country." Now it has restored the old level to most of its employees, but left out the teachers.

If it thought all the time that teachers should get less, it should have said so, and not made use of "economy" as a poor excuse.

Turn them out!

We are glad to see that a Welsh minister has condemned the practice of some deacons in talking together during chapel services and sitting down during the hymn singing.

It seems to us that a man who doesn't know how to behave himself in chapel is unfitted to be a deacon.

Let's have the Glad Hand on the AIR!

"We in Britain have something to learn in communicating the warm impulse of friendship." Here is a youthful American announcer being ever so intimate over the air

by **Major W. E. Gladstone MURRAY**

Director of Information and Publications at the B.B.C.

THREE months in North America, studying broadcasting in all its aspects, and observing its effect and reaction on the Canadian and American peoples—that is what I have been doing since the end of March. A great and invaluable experience for a European broadcaster.

And now every day I am asked since my return what I was asked as constantly in America: Are British programmes better than American or Canadian programmes?

He who would give a blunt Yes or No to this question would be hardly disguising his ignorance of actual conditions.

Broadcasting programmes, under whatever system of control, apart, of course, from direct State management, tend to reflect the wishes and aspirations and prejudices of the listening public for which they are designed.

In Britain we enjoy the enormous advantage of being able to finance broadcasting without having recourse to advertisement revenue. The annual ten-shilling licence fee, supplemented by the profit from B.B.C. publications, not only suffices to provide for the capital and current expenditure of the broadcasting service, but also yields the State an annual profit of well over £1,000,000.

In the United States there is no licence fee. Broadcasting depends on advertisers who consider it worth while to "buy time" in order to call attention to their wares and services.

BY no means all of the time of broadcasting is occupied by these sponsored programmes. There are many "sustaining programmes," that is, programmes provided by the broadcasters out of the surplus from sponsored programmes supplemented by profits on receiving apparatus in which some concerns are indirectly interested.

The American broadcasters make no secret of their personal preference for a system which would leave them as free to build programmes as are the British broadcasters; but they are bound to make the best of a bad job. And, in my opinion, they do astonishingly well.

So far as direct comparison is possible and fair, which is not far, it would be true to say that the best American programmes are as good as any others in the world, and better than most; while, on the other hand, the average American programme is not as good as the average British programme—this deficiency being due not to any inferiority on the part of the broadcasters, but to the handicap of the system of financing by advertisements.

The characteristics of American broadcasting reflect well-known characteristics of the American people. The first impression I got was of a bewildering prodigality of material. The principal stations broadcast practically continuously for sixteen hours a day.

With an exuberant cheerfulness, irritating only until recognised as sincere, American broadcasters hail their listeners early from slumber, lead them in exhilarating physical exercises, provide appropriate accompaniment for breakfast, carrying on all day and half the night, in an uninterrupted sequence of quick-fire renderings of programmes and items judged to be acceptable to those for whom they are intended at the moment given.

There is present a certain tenseness, which probably reflects the keen personal desire to please, apart from the consciousness of competition. Also there is a disarming lack of formality or ceremony. The only studio routine tyranny is that of the clock. Be on time and say what you like, how you like, seems to be the motto.

And yet this freedom does not degenerate into licence. I listened to a great many American programmes, and heard very few examples of bad taste.

There is abundance both of material and of alternatives. There is no lack of educational features. Those who complain of the length and seriousness of talks from the B.B.C. might be surprised to learn that there are more and longer talks on serious subjects in the United States.

Experimenting and testing are unquenchable. The American broadcaster is always trying something new and always asking his listeners for judgment. In this direction I believe they are sometimes in error if only because they are apt to pay undue attention to "fan mail," that is, the postal and telegraphic and telephonic response to queries.

But, on the whole, American broadcasting is a legitimate product of American civilisation, just as, I believe, British broadcasting reflects the character and aspirations of the British peoples.

Since returning to Britain I have endeavoured in as detached as possible way to determine the characteristics of British broadcasting just as I had been analysing those of American broadcasting. And, first of all, I was impressed and in a sense relieved by that sense of repose which is conferred by the ease of British announcing, and the tempered, almost leisurely, presentation of programmes. One felt also that the longer programmes, particularly the most important dramatic and symphonic efforts, were handled in a more satisfying way.

It was a relief, also, to be spared the hectic background of jazz which is apt to bulk excessively in the United States. On the other hand, one felt we had something to learn in communicating the warm and generous human impulse of friendship. Yet perhaps this aloofness was better calculated to please the audience than the more intimate method would be.

But there was a more definite feeling of loss in the absence of crisp linking and marked alternatives. I know that technical limitations are the obstacle to full-blooded alternative programmes in these islands. I know, also, that there is the thought that unduly dispersed effort would generally lower standards and satisfy no one. But, if American broadcasting has anything to teach British broadcasting, it is in these matters of human presentation, crisp linking, and more clearly-cut alternatives.

AND now what about Canadian broadcasting? First of all it is wrong to suggest that it conforms entirely to the quality and character of United States broadcasting.

The Canadians are now busily engaged in working out a distinctive national public service system of broadcasting, and they are wisely taking advantage of the experience of the rest of the world.

Although in these hard times progress is necessarily slow, Canada has already begun to produce some worthy and distinctive programmes, attractive beyond her own borders. These programmes, admittedly still experimental, give a taste of what can be done later when organisation has matured and material is more adequately mobilised.

Canada has the great advantage of an abundance of programme material out of all proportion to her population. French-Canada, for instance, is rich in folk-song and folk-lore, and possesses high musical sensibilities.

Then in Manitoba there are vigorous communities that have transplanted the artistic sense of the most original, musical and romantic elements of Continental Europe. Also, executant music, as distinct from mechanical music, is still active throughout Canada. The homestead piano is not neglected; the community orchestra, however humble, is still competent and responsive.

The desire for intellectual improvement, the urge for social betterment, are universal.

BUT what is of greater importance still is the dawn of a new artistic renaissance throughout the Dominion. There is emerging a new and eager school of Canadian art, interpreting with genius and without sophistication the spirit of the new Canada as a mature partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

And it is upon such fertile soil that the Canadian broadcasting service is being nourished. I believe that the influence of Canada "on the air" will have a marked effect in the United States, particularly in diminishing the commercial motive in broadcasting, and in elevating by good example the average standard of musical background.

And when the time comes for the exchange of typical Canadian programmes throughout the Empire they will exercise a unifying effect. They will make much more real the sense of solidarity and comradeship of the British peoples. And so to the next stage of international exchange, in which I look to Canada to play a really important part, particularly in consolidating the mutual trust and tolerance of the peoples of the United States and of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Most Fearless Judge

"MEMBERS of the jury, you have reached now the last stage in your duty. It is your task ——."

The little figure in scarlet and black, the face so small beneath the grey shadow of judge's wig, will turn slightly to the right, leaning back against the arm of an embracing chair, and begin his final summing up in an assize court.

Sir Horace Edmund Avory, senior judge of the King's Bench Division, is rapidly reaching now the last stage in his long term of duty.

It is the belief in legal circles that Mr. Justice Avory is travelling now his last assize circuit; that when he has completed the South Eastern Circuit Assizes at Lewes he will never again leave London as "My Lord the King's Justice," but will retire into private life.

The actual date of his retirement is still a guarded secret; but it must be soon, for Mr. Justice Avory is more than eighty years of age, and his span of activity as judge measures nearly a quarter of a century.

So those steel blue eyes of his—which can wither and freeze by one glance—are looking their last at criminals. The days are drawing to the last assize.

"Black-cap Judge"

How his learned brothers of the Bench, and Counsel of the Old Bailey and the Circuits—and the habitual offenders, too—will miss him; this man who has won the reputation of one of the strongest, sternest, and fairest judges in legal history.

People think of him as a hard man; just a kind of super-judicial brain; without much blending of humanity—a black-cap judge, because of the number of murder cases he has tried.

But that view of him is wrong. He has a kindliness which all his grim and sordid experiences of criminal courts has not warped. His heart if you know him is found to be as big as his brain.

True, he can be hard—harder than unyielding flint—but only when hardness is necessary, and when he realises that the prisoner standing in the dock before him merits the severest punishment which the law allows.

Always he is lenient when there is cause for leniency His instinct of justice tells him when the young man or woman found guilty has erred through frailty and not from viciousness.

Then you will see the milder Mr. Justice Avory; hear him offer advice to the offender and hold out a second chance. Never does he punish unduly.

It is perhaps because of his personal appearance that the suggestion of ruthlessness clings to Mr. Justice Avory. When, behind the scenes, in his private room, he dons his robes, he becomes by that action a personification of English justice with the fear which lies behind. And no judge ever looked the part more.

Inscrutable

He sits immobile the day through. Never a flicker of changing expression shows upon the parchment mask of his lined face. His lips are a line tight drawn. He writes slowly as he takes his notes. He speaks more slowly in a dry voice unflecked by emotion.

More murderers have passed before him than in front of any other judge. It has fallen to his lot to utter the terrible words of the death sentence times without number.

His usual practice—unlike that of other judges—is to make some observation before pronouncing the formal sentence.

One picture of Mr. Justice Avory, with the diamond square of cloth that is the black cap set across his wig, will always live in the minds of those who witnessed it.

The scene was in the fine spacious court of Winchester. Brought from the dock below was the man Alloway, the Bournemouth chauffeur who tricked a pretty London girl to come to the seaside town by a bogus telegram offering a situation, met her by car and killed her brutally by a country roadside.

Now Alloway, his tongue moistening his lips, was waiting for the judge to speak after the fateful "Guilty" had been uttered by the foreman of the jury.

And Mr. Justice Avory sat still as a graven figure, his two hands spread out upon the arms of his chair, his eyes piercing the murderer to his inmost soul.

Death's voice

At last he spoke. "You *too* must die." All the emphasis on that word "too." It was terrible, but it was the terror of fair justice. The judge when he spoke was thinking not of the murderer, but of the murdered girl. He knew how she had suffered; and he realised how right, in the conception of justice, it was that the man should suffer in like fashion.

"You *too* must die."

It is simply because he always remembers the murdered person that Mr. Justice Avory makes his speech to the convicted murderer before passing sentence.

What a list these sentences make; the men who have heard their doom spoken by this inflexible, unimpassioned figure of Justice. Field and Grey, the Crumbles criminals; Patrick Mahon, another woman killer; Jean Vaquier, the bearded, scented little Frenchman, who poisoned the landlord of the "Blue Anchor" hotel at Byfleet; Browne and Kennedy, who shot an Essex county policeman—and so the list continues—murderers who are still notorious because of the character of their crimes; murderers who have long since been forgotten.

Never in any circumstances has Mr. Justice Avory been disturbed in his even-handed control of justice by the happenings in his court. Nothing can upset him or unruffle his dignity as a judge.

The demonstrations of witnesses; the outbursts of prisoners, or minor disorders in the public benches all pass him by. Always he sits as the symbol of Justice. Witnesses may shout at him; prisoners may rave, but he ignores it. His way is to dismiss their outbursts by a word.

There was one typical example of this in a civil action which he tried, a famous case of libel.

One of the witnesses, under the strain of cross-examination, let his feelings run beyond bounds. He flung himself about in attitudes. He beat the rail of the witness-box. He was an unseemly nuisance.

But Mr. Justice Avory checked him without any trouble. At one of the loudest declamations of the witness, the judge turned and said simply:

"Don't knock the furniture about."

It was sufficient. "Don't knock the furniture about" was the right rebuke, and from that moment on the witness behaved.

His supreme control over a court was manifest particularly in the Vaquier murder trial.

Vaquier was tried in the old court at Guildford, which is now no longer used for assizes. The court was a hall adjoining the local theatre. The dock was a fit-up affair that shook unsteadily if a prisoner leaned heavily against the side. The judge's bench was a platform. The judge—after his formal procession with Sheriff, escort and trumpeters—came in by an entrance which carried a notice with a pointing hand, saying "To the saloon bar."

What a strange place for "My Lord the King's Justice of Assize"!

All that every-day atmosphere, how-

Justice—the statue symbol and the man symbol — Mr. Justice Avory, who has conducted some of the most famous criminal trials in our time

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goes on his Last Circuit

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. JUSTICE AVORY and his "HARSH SENTENCES"

ever, was changed when Mr. Justice Avory took assizes. His presence made the court.

During the hearing there was an exceptional disturbance. Those were the days when photographs taken in court could be printed in newspapers, although everything possible was done to prevent such pictures being taken.

In the middle of the trial—when a vital part of the evidence was being given, and the then Attorney-General was examining a witness, a photographer climbed to the roof of the building and began to take pictures through the skylight of judge, counsel and prisoner.

He was observed, and at once a mild turmoil arose. Policemen were sent to capture the enterprising fellow. They climbed after him and chased him over the roof. All that was happening could be seen from below.

Tremor-smile

Policemen in a roof-top man hunt with a murder trial in progress below was enough to break the judicial calm of any court. But Mr. Justice Avory allowed no interference with the normal course of events. Counsel hesitated, the witness stopped, but the judge just waved them on.

He glanced upwards once at the policemen in their scaling efforts, and it was then he came as near as he permits himself to a smile in public—a mere tremor of the lips. Then he continued his note-making. The trial went on while the policemen slipped and clambered.

At the end of the case another disturbance took place. Vaquier, who had up to then maintained complete composure, made an astonishing outburst after sentence of death had been pronounced.

When he learned through the interpreter that he, a Frenchman, had been sentenced to be hanged in an English court, his control utterly gave way. He fought and screamed, and shouted insults in voluble French at the judge and everything English. Warders and police could scarcely tear him away from his grip on the dock rail, so strong had he become in his frenzy.

"Take him away"

It was a most unhappy scene. A man with the shadow of death upon him, fighting madly against the fate that had overwhelmed him.

Unmoved and unimpressed, Mr. Justice Avory looked down at the commotion.

The nerves and composure of other people might be upset by this frantic terror of a sentenced man; but not the composure of the judge who had given the prisoner his sentence.

"Take him away" was all the judge said; and again as Vaquier struggled, "Take him away." And the murderer was carried out.

Criminals who had no excuse for their offences have always suffered at the hands of Mr. Justice Avory.

Throughout the whole course of his judicial career he has given sentences which in his view, as he administers the law of England, are the just punishments for the crimes committed.

On the surface some of those sentences may have seemed harsh. He is indeed popularly known as a "harsh sentence" judge.

Grim warnings

But it must also be remembered that when he gives long terms of imprisonment he always knows the circumstances behind the case—circumstances that often the public do not know. His punishments are always based on the twin principles—first, to protect the public, and, second, to deter the criminal from further criminal acts.

Often he has ordered severe doses of the "cat" and floggings for crimes of violence. He intends those as warnings to others as well as punishments. Rightly or wrongly, he believes in this form of punishment, and what he conceives to be his duty he does unflinchingly.

Sometimes he has imposed sentences on offenders much shorter than he might have been expected to give. There was one notable instance of this.

It was the case of ex-Sergeant George Goddard of the Metropolitan Police, who was found guilty at the Old Bailey of corruptly receiving bribes in connection with night clubs.

After the verdict had been returned, Sir Percival Clarke, appearing for the prosecution, rose and drew attention to the provisions of the Penal Servitude Act, 1926, which gives a judge particular powers for punishment in certain cases.

The submission of Counsel was listened to by Mr. Justice Avory, but disregarded.

"I do not think," said he, as he looked towards Goddard, "that this is a case in which I ought to apply the provisions of a recent Act to which my attention has been called."

Then he sent Goddard to prison for eighteen months, instead of for the penal servitude which he might have imposed.

Recently in an address to a Grand Jury of Assize he talked about the suggestion that capital punishment might be abolished by Parliament in this country.

Psychologist, too

Strongly he spoke against that idea. The fear of death—said Mr. Justice Avory—was the greatest safeguard against the crime of wilful murder. A burglar—he argued—who had suffered sentences of imprisonment and went armed to commit another burglary would not be stopped from shooting to kill if he thought he could escape capture by so doing and would only receive another term of imprisonment if he was caught. The dread of the scaffold alone would stay his finger on the trigger.

Because of his long experience as Treasury Counsel in countless prosecutions before he was made a judge, Sir Horace Avory knows perhaps better than any other judge the working of the criminal mind.

His knowledge supports his punishments. So the criminals who can never be reformed receive long sentences, but others he passes over with apparent lightness.

Always he has shown his opinions when—in his view—a jury has gone contrary to the evidence.

There was a murder trial on the circuit which Mr. Justice Avory is now travelling.

After a brilliant defence the prisoner was found not guilty of killing his wife's lover. The stern-faced little judge said nothing. In due course the usual application was made that the jury who had listened patiently to the trial through the greater part of a week should be excused further jury service for a term of years.

"I see no reason why they should be so excused," replied Mr. Justice Avory to the application.

Stories of Mr. Justice Avory that are told among barristers who have been in criminal cases with him are many, and show that he is possessed of a gift for dry, sardonic humour.

He was the judge before whom a nervous junior counsel once appeared.

"My unfortunate client," began the junior in addressing the Bench. Then he stopped. His thoughts had failed him, "My unfortunate client," he began again, and again broke down.

"My unfortunate client," he began for the third time.

Mr. Justice Avory filled in the pause: "So far," he said, "the court is entirely with you, Mr. ——."

Once Sir Horace Avory was worsted by a man whom he—then the Senior Treasury Counsel—was prosecuting at the Guildhall Court. This man was defending himself, and in true legal fashion kept referring to "My learned friend, Sir Horace Avory."

This rather annoyed Sir Horace, and at last he rapped out, "I wish you would not keep calling me 'Your learned friend.'"

Like a flash came the retort, "Very well, then. My friend, Sir Horace Avory."

Final judgment

Away from the courts, Mr. Justice Avory loves horses and sport. He used—as a younger man—to hunt regularly, and always if he can still attends the Bar Point-to-Point race meeting. He was a first-class shot, and even at eighty-two years of age still enjoys a game of golf. His handicap is twenty-two. He is, as you would expect, a straight, but not long driver, and is admirable in putting.

When he, within a few weeks, gives his last and final judgment in the old Shire Hall of Sussex, the sense of a great figure passed from the stage of events will be left in the assize courts of England.

"He is a straight driver, as you would expect"

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Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to

PETER SCOTT

Son of Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, the Antarctic Explorer

Your Father *would have been* Proud of You

DEAR PETER SCOTT,—I was delighted to meet you, the other day, especially as I saw you surrounded by such a splendid exhibition of paintings, all your own work.

The opening, by Sir Samuel Hoare, was to be that afternoon You were waiting so modestly that you said, "I do not know if nobody is coming, or whether we shall get 300 people."

I was very interested to meet you, because you are almost the first son of a great man I have come across, years after I first heard of him, to find him climbing the first rungs of a ladder that must have been in his father's dreams.

Your father's last letters, written in the icy wastes of the Antarctic, when he knew he could never return, spoke of your career, as only a loving parent could have done.

You were then only three, oblivious to all the "sensations" that were to stagger the world, when the tragic news reached England, unconscious of the great Polar drama in which your father played the leading part.

* * *

It was and remains one of the epics of our race. The nation bowed its head in grief when the terrible news came, and then raised it again to high heaven, in pride that one of its own kind should have left behind him such an example to all our people.

I remember, in those days, sending Press photographers to chase you, to get your picture. A few days before we had never heard of you. Then you became the most famous baby in England. You did not know.

"Make the boy interested in natural history, if you can," your father wrote in those last hours of his life. "I know you will keep him in the open air."

Well, now, you have come back into the limelight—and as a young painter, with an eye for what is beautiful, a fine sense of colour, and an almost uncanny knowledge of the wild fowl of the Eastern counties.

You took your father's advice. You stayed in the open air. You became interested in natural history. Indeed, as a small child, as you told me, you had lizards as pets and snakes of every kind.

Then, at school, you found that your schoolmaster was a keen naturalist. And so you were able to indulge the love of the country which your father would have fostered, had he lived. Yes, he would have been proud of you.

It was at Cambridge that you got near the wild life of the eastern counties. For a long time, recently, you have been living in the Fen district, stalking birds, shooting them—I am afraid you and I do not agree about that part of it—and painting them. Your explanation of why you shoot birds is a saner one than I hear from most "sportsmen."

* * *

"I do not mind killing birds," you said. "A lot of tosh is written about that sort of thing I do not think that you can respect these birds"—and you looked at the mallards and the greylags and the barnacle geese and pintails and widgeons in your pictures on the walls—"until you have tried to outwit them. Then you realise how intelligent they are."

Well, I would rather have one of your pictures than one of your guns.

You have started life as an artist at a time when, I am afraid, artists are up against it. But there should always be room for such colourful nature studies as those which you are showing.

You started off, of course, with the great advantage denied to most young men. Your father's name will live for ever. Your mother is a well-known sculptor. Your stepfather is a member of what they call the "National" Government.

Yet, on the other side, you will find all this a great responsibility. England expects much from the sons of great men. Usually it is disappointed.

* * *

I do not think I should take much pleasure in the life which, obviously, you enjoy. When you showed me the small hut in which you have slept, before you had to get up at three or four in the morning, to go trudging in the marshland and the water—well, I realised you would have to possess a keen sporting spirit to enjoy that sort of thing. I prefer my bed.

Still, I was delighted to see the result of it all—fifty paintings, some of them exceptionally clever, made from hundreds of sketches which you drew in all sorts of weathers. It was all done in circumstances so interesting that, as you told me, there is one piece of water near your hut, "no larger than the garden of Parliament Square," to quote your own words, which is sometimes covered with 3,000 or 4,000 ducks!

Well, go on with the work you have chosen. Art is a high calling, if people take it seriously.

Remember, when you paint, that thousands of people, whose names you will never know, may say, when they see one of your pictures, "Oh, that's by Peter Scott. He's Captain Scott's son, you know."

And when they think of Captain Scott they will think of a really great Britisher, whose life was a credit to his nation, and whose death was a glorious example to all mankind.

Indeed, I thought so much of him—though we only met once or twice—that there is hanging over my bed a photograph of the cairn with which they covered his earthly remains.

That cairn has disappeared now. It is part of the icy wastes of the boundless Antarctic. But your father's example will never perish. His spirit lives on, calling us all to that high adventure which, in the end, will mean that "All Things are Known."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—One of your inspectors has had a shock. He was told that new back-to-back houses are being built in Leeds, and when offered the address said your Ministry would be glad to have it.

I should think so—considering that the erection of such damnable hovels is now illegal.

But if the allegation is true, how is it that you have been kept in the dark about the scheme? That is a matter you must investigate at once.

JOHN BULL.

HUGH McGONIGAL,
Scarborough

HUGH,—You are a man who deserved a chance, and you've got it.

There can't be much wrong with a one-armed war hero who, having broken into a house and stolen only a silver bowl, goes straight to the police with it as soon as he learns that it had a sentimental value to the owner.

Well, the charge was reduced to simple larceny, and your month in jail will soon pass. Then I hope to hear better things of you.

JOHN BULL.

Canon R. H. MALDEN,
Dean-designate of Wells

DEAR CANON,—Education, you think, is making our young people too clever.

There seems to you a danger that they will imagine they are fitted for better jobs than they are ever likely to get and be clever enough to be a real menace to the State.

Rubbish! The most dangerous folk are the ignorant. Anyway, why not try to visualise a future State composed entirely of educated and cultured people?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CECIL EASTWOOD,
Ilkeston, Derbyshire

EASTWOOD,—Though you are only twenty-three, you are hardly a fine specimen of British youth.

When a brother-in-law chastised you for ill-treating your wife, you ran out of the house shouting for your mother.

In merely binding over your assailant and later granting your wife a separation order for persistent cruelty, the local Bench admirably expressed their poor opinion of you as a man and husband.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDWIN SMITH,
West London Coroner

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is usually inadvisable, I agree, to read in court the letters left by people who have killed themselves in a fit of temporary insanity.

But in reading a note in which the suicide paid tribute to his wife's love and fidelity during fifty years, you added that it is fair that such affectionate letters should not be concealed.

That is an example which other coroners would do well to follow.

JOHN BULL.

EARL HOWE,
British Racing Drivers' Club

DEAR EARL HOWE,—There could be no fitter memorial to the late Sir Henry Birkin than the proposed team of special racing cars to challenge the supremacy of Continental racers.

For "Tim" Birkin himself had planned such a team, which Britain has long needed and which would delight not only everyone in the motor trade but every sportsman.

I am sure you will give your willing support to this practical tribute to the memory of a gallant and able man.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Your Department is neglecting its duty by allowing coasting ships to be in charge of unqualified men. So many accidents have occurred lately that this slackness is becoming a national scandal.

By having no certificates, careless navigators cannot be penalised in the usual way, so that their ignorance becomes an added advantage.

If only to safeguard the lives of the crews, this ridiculous situation must be ended.

JOHN BULL.

Master LEONARD FREEMAN,
Wisbech, Cambridgeshire

DEAR LEONARD,—Though you are only fourteen, you have set a fine example of pluck and perseverance.

Instead of being disheartened when you were blinded in a shooting accident last year, you began to learn typing and Braille before you were out of the doctor's hands, became an expert swimmer, and are now employed as a typist and telephonist by a large firm.

I am glad you have received a Braille watch as a reward, and I hope that all those who are tempted to think their adversities too serious to be overcome will remember your record.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor RICHARD ECCLES, J.P.,
Leek, Staffordshire

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You really must be careful, or you'll send half the magistrates in the country into apoplectic fits.

For though they have been sternly rebuking witnesses for flouting the law's dignity by appearing in open-necked shirts, plus fours, and so on, you have worn a cricket shirt while sitting on the Bench!

Still, you will at least get no horrified criticism from

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS E. CHORLEY,
Barrow-in-Furness

ROGUE,—Tradesmen such as you should be put out of business.

You encouraged a lad to rob wholesale a butcher, who once employed you, in order to stock your own shop.

I have recently demanded heavier sentences on receivers of stolen goods, and had I been on the Bench you would have gone to jail for considerably longer than three months.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. B. MALIM,
Wellington College

DEAR MASTER,—No doubt the boys in your charge will welcome four days' extra holiday in September because your vice-president, Lord Derby, won the great Epsom race last month.

But as they grow older they may well wonder what connection there is between horse-racing and education.

And their parents may well feel aggrieved if part of the high fees they pay is to be spent in celebrating a horse's jcb of work!

JOHN BULL.

Great Changes Coming in 1940

—says— A. G. Gardiner

THE warning sounded by Professor Carr Saunders at Blackpool the other day ought to be plastered on the walls of every spending department, whether national or municipal. It would be useful, too, if it were plastered on the walls of every newspaper office. I propose to plaster it on the pages of JOHN BULL for the caution of all who have control or the spending of public money.

Professor Saunders was addressing a conference of the sanitary authorities of the country on the population question, and he expressed the view that by 1940, *at the latest*, the population of this country will cease to increase, and that it will subsequently decline.

Babies are becoming scarcer—these two will have much more elbow-room when they grow up

This is of course, no new forecast. Professor Bowley, the eminent statistician, arrived at much the same conclusion some years ago. He put the turning point, if I remember aright, two or three years later than 1940, but since then the evidences on which he based his calculation have speeded up, and Professor Saunders is, no doubt, well within the mark.

But, however that may be, there is no doubt that the peak is reached, and that for the first time in our recorded history our population is about to decline. It is not likely to decline with the speed with which it has grown during the past century.

Legend of the past

Since 1811 the people of England and Wales have increased fourfold, from ten millions to forty millions. To-day there are within twenty miles of London alone nearly as many people as there were in the whole of the country little more than a hundred years ago. The next century is not likely to see a decline on this scale.

But that decline there will be is certain. Many causes are at work to bring this about. Most important, of course, is the startling fall in the birth rate.

The man who "hath his quiverful" is no longer esteemed "blessed." The family of ten or a dozen, familiar enough in Victorian England, has become a legend of the past. Fifty years ago the birth rate per 1,000 of the population was 34; in 1930 it had dropped to 16.

Only one child is born to-day where two were born in 1880. And the birth-rate is still falling.

But for the fact that the death rate has fallen with almost equal rapidity—from 20 per 1,000 of the population in 1880 to 11 per 1,000 in 1930—the decline in our population would already have begun. But this corrective is reaching its limits, and Professor Saunders is, no doubt, right when he says that "the death rate will presently exceed the birth rate."

There is another fact which has concealed the real slump in population. Since the war emigration from this country has practically ceased. The annual outflow of our people used to be about 200,000. It has fallen to zero.

In the last five years more people have returned from Australia, for example, than have gone thither. This will not continue, and if emigration on the former scale is resumed the decline in our population will be reached well before 1940.

Whether this is a fact for lament or for congratulation is not the point of this article. The doctrine of Malthus a century ago that our population was increasing beyond the resources of Nature to feed it did not prevent the population leaping up from ten millions to forty millions, and fears now that a declining population spells national disaster will not prevent it from declining.

I do not share those fears. I do not think that a declining population means national disaster.

I think that the quality of life is even more important than the quantity, and if the quality of life is improving we need not worry because the quantity is diminishing. It is obvious that there is a saturation point in population, and as our population is the densest in the world, it is possible that we have reached it.

The important thing about Professor Carr Saunders' address is not the prophecy, which is not new, but the warning, which is both new and serious. He was addressing the representatives of public authorities charged with the expenditure of public money, and his complaint was that "there is a complete failure to appreciate the situation."

To-morrow's rubbish?

With the certainty of a declining population we were designing regional plans based on a continuance of the past half-century's growth of population. He saw vast waste in all directions.

He instanced a large expenditure incurred to supply with water "a population that will never come into existence." He foresaw houses, schools and public facilities being left redundant in places from which people had emigrated to other areas in which new opportunities for employment were created.

It was not his object to preach a cheese-paring policy in regard to public expenditure for which there is urgent need and an indisputable case. No one questions the necessity, for example, of slum clearance and the provision of decent accommodation for the slum dwellers. So with roads, so with schools, so with public utilities, playing fields, recreation grounds, and so on.

What Professor Carr Saunders warned his hearers against was grandiose plans of development based not upon the existing requirements of a community, but upon prospective requirements founded upon the assumption that the population is going to increase during the next fifty years at the rate that it has increased during the last fifty years.

Foolish planning

That assumption is baseless, and schemes built on it will be bankrupt.

It is not merely that population as a whole is going to decline. There is taking place before our eyes a vast shifting of population from districts that have had their day to other districts that are becoming new centres of industry.

Since the war, great industrial centres, like Dagenham and Slough, have sprung into existence, while many of the older manufacturing centres have languished and plainly passed the limits of their development. It is gross wastefulness to plan for the future on the same scale in both these cases—for the town to have a future and the town to have only a past.

Not long ago Manchester entered upon a costly scheme for the extension of its water supply on the assumption that its needs were growing. But its needs are not growing, and it has now wisely countermanded an expenditure that would have put a new burden on the harassed community without adding to its facilities.

Think ahead!

I know of rural districts where the population is declining and where costly schools have been put up for children who will never occupy them.

In one such case the County Council refused the offer of an existing school which could have been put in repair for a few hundred pounds, and is now spending £5,000 in erecting a school for a vanishing community.

Professor Saunder's warning was directed against this waste of the public resources. With a declining population we must not plan for an increasing population, and with a shifting population we must spend on the town with a future and not on the town that has no prospect of development.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Justice Clausen on—

Divorce Mixture as Before!

THERE'S nothing new under the sun—
That saying is certainly old!—
Most things one can do have been done,
Most tales one can tell have been told;
And most brands of fudge
That are tried on a judge
Are fragrant of cobwebs and mould.

There may—though the chances seem frail—
Be a new sort of mystery plot;
Some day, someone yet may retail
A new yarn concerning a Scot;
And a joke from the Bench
That is free from the stench
Of decay would surprise quite a lot!

But one thing I'm sure of is this:
The catalogue's long been complete
Of stories of marital bliss
Gone wrong; so if ever I meet
A tale of divorce
That pursues a new course,
Then my wig I will cheerfully eat!

Authors, I know, often think themselves clever fellows, and I do not wish to deprive them of so gratifying a thought. But as human nature has a habit of repeating itself, authors must do likewise.

Anyone who has witnessed a certain highly successful play which has now been running in the West End for over thirty years will, I think, endorse what I said when I expressed doubt as to whether "it is possible at this time of day for any human being who is dealing with the ingredients of divorce, which involves husband and wife and misunderstandings, to build an original play."

If you ask what is the title and who is the author of the play which has been running for thirty—or, it may be, fifty—years, I shall have to reply that I cannot remember them.

The play, in fact, has had several hundred titles and was written by several hundred authors; but, in essentials, it is always the same play. Just as all detective novels are the same detective novel and all night-life films the same film, only more so.

In these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that when I had to decide in the Chancery Court whether a film called "Almost Divorce" was based on two plays, "Nearly Divorced" and "Divorced for a Year," I felt like a man called upon to distinguish Tweedledee from Tweedledum and determine the relation of both to Tweedledoodle.

Not mind you, that I blame authors for not finding anything new to say about wedded warfare, for, although there are probably 9,876 ways of making a failure of marriage, they have all of them been most enthusiastically tried over and over again.

Indeed, the astonishing thing is not that it is no longer possible to invent new matrimonial muddles in fiction, but that so many people are not able to sidestep the old ones in real life.

The writing's large upon the wall,
For years have we been reading it,
Since first we read about the Fall,
But still we're far from heeding it.
For centuries ill-mated pairs,
With vows of love and amity,
Have climbed the matrimonial stairs—
First, cooing doves; then, angry bears—
To slither to calamity.

The same misunderstandings and
The same old mixed ingredients;
Hates and suspicions duly fanned
By all the old expedients!
They bring to counsel many a brief,
But, oh! their ways are queer; for it
Is certain if some brand-new reef
Were found on which to come to grief—
The mutts would promptly steer for it!

THE SECRET REVEALED NEXT WEEK
The wonder of wonders for every reader of "John Bull"

Another Atrocious Lunacy Scandal

SANE WOMAN'S ASYLUM ORDEAL

Miss Annie Standon at the Mental Institution at Hayward's Heath, where she is imprisoned

"FOR mercy's sake get me out of this terrible place; I am being driven mad by this torture!" Such was the frantic plea made on a recent visiting day by a woman inmate of the Brighton County Asylum at Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

In the spacious common hall of the institution were scores of women lunatics, some so afflicted that an attendant had always to be beside them.

They had been assembled to receive their relatives or friends for an hour.

Among the visitors was a JOHN BULL representative. He had called to see Miss Annie Standon, who, it had been reported to us, was being held prisoner in this asylum in most atrocious circumstances.

A tall woman in her early thirties was ushered in. "Standon" curtly said the woman warder who accompanied her and who thereupon took a seat a few paces away, obviously listening intently for whatever conversation might take place.

Miss Standon, a pathetic figure amid the company of lunatics around her, placed her hand upon the shoulder of our representative and, with tears flowing upon her cheeks, sobbed her appeal to be assisted to freedom.

Black treachery

A warder stepped forward at that moment and the interview came to an end.

For very good reasons indeed do the lunacy authorities desire that the story of Miss Standon's captivity should not be told from her own lips

She is still another victim of the blackest and most treacherous piece of bureaucratic legislation which has passed on to the Statute Book in this century.

This is, of course, the Mental Treatment Act which came into operation just over two years ago and which, the public was told, was intended to provide rest and cure for the hundreds of thousands of cases of acute nerve-strain which are now troubling doctors all over the country.

People who, because of the stress and strain of modern life, became afflicted with neurasthenia or became transiently unstrung would, said the authors of the Act, be able to enter special hospitals for care and treatment without the stigma of lunacy certification being placed upon them.

Moreover, it was emphasised, the Act provided that every voluntary patient could leave the hospital at his or her wish upon giving seventy-two hours' notice to the authorities.

The trap

JOHN BULL warned the public and the medical profession at the time that the Act was a subtle snare to trap unsuspecting people into its asylums, to keep them there, and make them into lunatics.

The more these asylums are filled, the greater is the justification for the colossal expenditure of the Board of Control and the upkeep of its vast retinue of officials.

There are no special hospitals. We said that every person who voluntarily surrendered himself or herself for treatment of nervous disorder would be shut up in a public asylum among lunatics and dealt with as a lunatic.

It has been so

We also declared that the provision for the voluntary patient to obtain release upon seventy-two hours' notice was a sham and that, once inside, the victim would be certified as insane and made prisoner, possibly for life.

Case after case of the kind has occurred. Sane people, suffering only from strain, have been tricked into the asylums and are now lingering there in the company of mad folk, with all hope of liberty gone.

Worst of all is the case of Miss Annie Standon.

She was a packer at a fruit farm at Goudhurst, in Kent, and eighteen months ago suffered a nervous breakdown.

Her condition mended and she went for convalescence to Brighton, where she was advised to pay regular calls at a public health clinic.

Miss Standon did so, and one day at the clinic she was brought before the authorities, who recommended that she should enter hospital and benefit by "rest and sunshine."

With her aged parents she was taken on a visit to Hayward's Heath, where the party were shown an ordinary hospital ward in which, it was stated, Miss Standon would be accommodated.

Certified!

It was emphasised to them that she could leave the place at any time upon three days' notice.

Miss Standon consented to become a voluntary patient. But, only a few days later, she was transferred from the bright and cheery nursing ward to a lunacy ward and locked up with wildly insane people.

When her parents became agitated by this happening and asked for an explanation, they were assured that everything was for the best.

Upon their weekly visits to the institution, Mr. and Mrs. Standon saw that their daughter was steadily becoming affected through having to mingle day and night with violent lunatics. Still they were advised to allow her to remain.

After six months they could no longer tolerate the terrible suffering to which she was being subjected and they demanded her discharge in three days in accordance with the terms of the Mental Treatment Act and the conditions upon which she entered the supposed hospital.

By return they received from the hospital a curt intimation that their daughter had now been certified as insane and would not be released.

So vigorous were the protests made by Mr. Standon against this appalling treatment of his daughter that the authorities told him to make a further application, which would not be opposed, and that she would be freed if the formal concurrence of the visiting committee of the asylum was obtained.

Mr. Standon gave up his house and took a new home at a quiet country place a hundred miles distant, so that his daughter could have a chance to recover away from the surroundings in which she had endured her frightful ordeal.

On the day arranged, he and his wife went by motor-car to the asylum to receive back Miss Standon.

The authorities, without giving any intimation of the fact, had changed their mind. They refused to liberate the woman. They refused even to allow Mr. Standon to interview the asylum committee so that he could protest against this further outrage.

Miss Standon is still a prisoner, and, judging from the attitude of the lunacy authorities, is likely to remain one for ever.

When efforts are made to obtain written reasons from them for their attitude, the only answers given are brief letters, in which it is stated that Miss Standon is "impulsive and restless," "resistive," and "cannot express volition."

Only from a lunatic asylum could come such a meaningless explanation as "cannot express volition."

What else?

Of course, Miss Standon is "impulsive and restless." What else would be expected of any sane woman who is being driven to insanity by confinement among lunatics and who had been so grossly deceived when she submitted herself as a voluntary hospital patient?

This method of packing the asylums has gone far enough. When the facts of Miss Standon's case are brought before the House of Commons, it is inconceivable that Parliament will not denounce and end such exploitation of an Act which was passed in the belief that it was a measure for public welfare.

The Human Machine

Seeing *the* Unseen

PEOPLE are fond of saying that the world is a small place. In a sense it is. You can travel across a continent and find yourself sitting down at table next to a person you thought 3,000 miles away.

But in another sense the world is just as large or as small as you choose to make it—for it is as large as the range of your interests. Its barriers are elastic. Its vistas are illimitable. It all depends on your outlook on life.

If you are narrow-minded and prejudiced, the world will shut you in and hem you round. To be self-centred and selfish is to miss the broad horizon of ever-spreading interests that invention and discovery are for ever extending to men's mental gaze.

Wireless, television, films, airplanes, the X-ray, and a thousand and one discoveries are daily extending the mental boundaries of the world for those with eyes to see and ears to hear and brains with which to think. Distance and time are steadily being annihilated for those who can vision the uncreated and conceive what may be, instead of gazing with stolid doubt and disbelief at what is.

Why, then, do so many of us fail to see beyond our mental noses? Just because we feel too strongly and think too weakly. Just because we insist on dividing by prejudice and jealousy what invention and discovery is striving to unite.

Daily, almost hourly, the world's horizons are extending; and our task is to cultivate an emotional tolerance and an intellectual strength to enable us to look towards them with faith and hope and profound belief.

A Bunch of BAD PASTORS

FROM time to time we have come across a good many gentlemen who utilise clerical attire to mask their disreputable characteristics and enterprises.

But for a really pretty little nest of sham "Reverends" commend us to the organisation that goes under the name of the Evangelistic Association of 5, High Holborn, London, W.C.

As far as we can see, the only gospel these evangelists are concerned in spreading is the very, very old one: "We prey and you pay."

Two people are the principals behind this concern—first and prime mover a man by the name of the "Reverend" Lionel Wilfred Barras, and the other a relative, Reginald Wilfred Barras.

According to its published aims and objects, the association professes to train young men and women to become workers among the poor and needy in our great cities. A free training is offered to suitable applicants.

High aims

It also claims to provide evangelistic and children's services, to furnish pulpit supplies to needy missions, and to have workers available "to help your children's work."

Excellent, laudable objects all of them. Therefore, it is not surprising that benevolent, talkative gentlemen, dressed in clerical attire, meet with sympathy and support from charitably disposed and religious people, who think when they contribute to the clerical salesmen they are helping the aims of a genuine evangelistic mission.

Operations of the association are by no means confined to London. Its "pastors," its "missioners," and its "brothers" range the country as far north as Scotland; as far to the west as Cornwall.

But what lies behind all this?

At present, we learn that the association is laying plans for a special campaign in Devon and Cornwall. Its salesmen—masquerading in a travesty of clerical dress—will concentrate on pushing the sales of its publications.

Shady concern

These include a book entitled "Uncle Lionel's Children's Hour," which is written by the "Reverend" Lionel W. Barras or "Pastor" Barras as he styles himself.

We hope to be in time to nip this scheme for new and intensive sales on behalf of the association in the bud, as from enquiries we have made the whole idea of the Evangelistic Association proves to be a preposterous sham, designed to impose upon an unsuspecting public.

So far from the Evangelistic Association being a religious or missionary body it is nothing but a shady commercial concern.

It is registered as a business, with the Rev. Lionel Barras and Reginald Wilfred Barras as the two partners. To use their own words, they are engaged as "publishers of religious literature." Actually they are engaged upon a first-class ramp.

According to the particulars of the Evangelistic Association which are on public file the Holborn office is its "principal place of business."

It will come as a shock to its generous supporters to learn that it is really nothing but an accommodation address for the association. Its name appears on the entrance stairway of the building, but the "Reverend" Lionel Barras cannot be found there. He simply calls for letters!

No evangelical work of any description is carried on there.

Communications to the association at the address are not even forwarded; they must await the coming of the "pastor." And often there is an interval of as long as a month or more between his visits to "the principal place of business."

As a partner in a registered business, the "pastor" must notify all changes of his home address. These changes have been frequent. During the past four years he has had four different home addresses in North London.

No balance-sheets of the earnings of the Evangelistic Association are published for the inspection of the subscribing public. They need not be, of course, as the concern is a private business.

Readers of JOHN BULL who have been visited by the bogus clergymen of the association complain that they can gain no information as to the financial side of this queer evangelistic movement. Of course not. "Pastor" Barras himself, when tackled on this interesting subject, retorts that the association is a "business" and registered as such, and its finances are consequently only the concern of the partners.

Clerical uniform is a part and parcel of the sales policy of the association. "Pastor" Barras likes to see his door-to-door salesmen who carry around the publications dressed in such a way that they may quite easily be mistaken for genuine clergymen.

Here is an example of how the sales assistants of "Pastor" Barras are engaged. Recently a representative of the association was at Exeter in connection with the West of England campaign.

There he came into touch with a man who had been employed as a porter at one of the chief hotels in the cathedral city.

This man was offered work as a door-to-door salesman for the Evangelistic Association. He was told that he would have to sell copies of "Uncle Lionel's Children's Hour," and his pay would be 50 per cent. of all the money collected on the sales! The public may well wonder what is left for the poor and needy if half its donations are thus the perquisites of the collectors!

Instructions about his task were imparted. If he was questioned at all by the householders to whom he offered the book, he was to say that he was a "missioner."

A card—with a designation "Brother ——," —would be given him to prove that he was authorised to act for the Evangelistic Association.

He was to choose his clothes carefully for the part—a quiet, dark grey suit. In addition a clerical collar and cravat would be provided for him to wear from the association in London.

Actually the out-of-work porter was informed that he might give the evangelistic book-selling a trial for a week in a country village while he was still drawing his unemployment insurance payment! This, of course, would have constituted an offence on his part if he had been foolish enough to do so.

All over the country "Uncle Lionel's Children's Hour" has been sold by men wearing the recognised uniform of the Churches. House-to-house salesmen have been mistaken for clergymen, and the book purchased in consequence.

In the early days of the association the printing of the "Pastor" Barras publications was carried out by an excellent firm in North London.

Tell us!

Then an enquiry was made by the police of the printers for any information concerning the activities of the Evangelistic Association, and so the arrangement to print was terminated and the "Pastor" went elsewhere.

Now that so much interest has been displayed in his evangelical activities, we suggest that he might well answer the following questions in his next literary effort:

Into what Church was he ordained?

Where are the young men and women trained to be workers among the "poor and needy," and how many of them have passed through the association?

What exactly has been done to assist "needy missions"? Perhaps the best comment on the "Pastor" himself is one printed in his book, above the signature of "the Book Committee":

"Apart from his undoubted oratorical gifts, the Rev. L. W. Barras is a psychologist of no mean order, and while for about a score of years he has been 'feeding the sheep,' he has never placed the feed' out of the reach of the 'lambs.'"

Nevertheless, from the disclosures here made, the public will know how to deal with any of his fancy-dress "shepherds" when they appear in his new touting campaign.

"It is not surprising that benevolent gentlemen dressed in clerical attire meet with sympathy and support"

Purpose of Life

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A SECONDARY school boy, a reader of JOHN BULL, has written me a remarkable letter. He is only fifteen years old, but he writes like a man of nearly twice his age.

He says he is fortunate in his circumstances. He has a good home, the best of parents, the prospect of a good job when he leaves school, and plenty of healthy interests.

But one question bothers him. He states it thus: "Can you tell me what is the true aim of life? Surely there is more in it than going to school, going to work to earn a living, growing old and dying—which final event is more mysterious than anything to my young mind. '. . . Here I am with life in front of me, and I don't know what it is for."

The rest of the letter is in keeping with this frank avowal.

The best answer that I know is that human life exists on this planet for the production and ultimate perfecting of personality. Personality is the most real thing in the universe.

As Sir Arthur Eddington says, it is a delusion to suppose that a lump of matter is more real than the mind that perceives it. On the contrary, the first and most real thing in our experience is self-conscious being: all else is remote and strange.

Each one of us is here to make the most and best that he can of himself in order to enrich as fully as possible the life of the whole human race. Our first duty is that of self-building, but only because we belong to the whole and are called to give to the whole the utmost that we have to give.

This is the only way of living that is truly satisfying. No man is ever satisfied with good work that is done for himself alone.

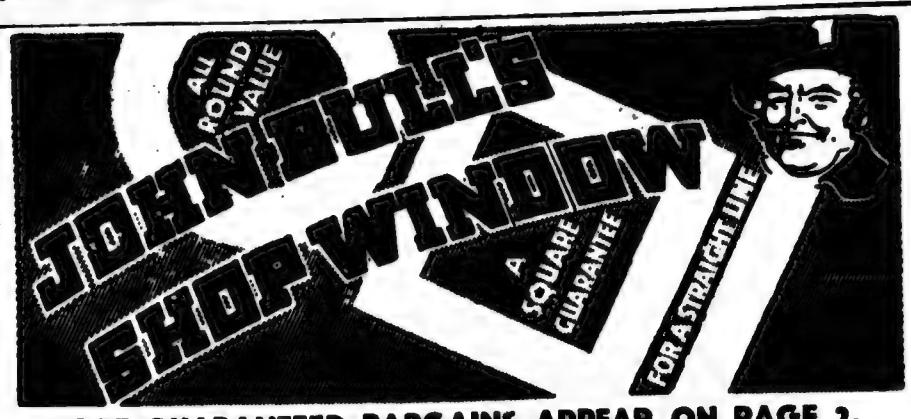
Any thrill of satisfaction that he gets out of it, any pride in its performance, any joy in its accomplishment, is inspired by the knowledge that it is a genuine contribution to the welfare of mankind.

But there can be no such contribution without development of personality. The polishing and improvement of the outside of life is of small value in itself. What is of greatest value is the personality it produces; and there is no limit to what the future thus holds in store.

Wrapped up in every human being are capacities inexhaustible. The longest earthly life is too short to give them full expression. I know nothing more wonderful than this in all the marvels that science has revealed in our time. The marvel of marvels is man.

We cannot do without one another. As Benjamin Kidd said long ago, culture is a social more than an individual inheritance. Brought up among savages you would be a savage. A hundred generations of civilised society are built into you and mainly make you what you are. Society puts you in possession of your own personality.

There is nothing automatic about the process. You can be a slacker and wastrel if you want to be; or you can rise to the full height of your opportunities and pay what you owe by adding your quota towards the realisation of a nobler and happier common life. It is unthinkable that life lived on this level should ever die. Physical death is but the carrying of personality to a higher plane.



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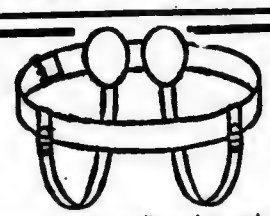

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THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Fire, Storm, Flood, Burglary .... these are some of the dangers which may threaten the home whilst you are away. It is wise to consider that the house next door may catch fire and the flames spread to your own property. This might even mean the total destruction of your home, representing the savings of a lifetime.

Don't take the risk! Sign the forms now. Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, JOHN BULL COVERS YOU FREE.

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Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while holiday-making anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to re-start delivery immediately on their return.

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Sinister MAGNETIC HEALER

The "magnetic healer" may not be able to draw away your pain, but he'll surely extract your money

APPEALS which have reached this office from various sources have prompted me to investigate the claims of a new "specialist" who advocates the treatment of numerous ailments by "nature's greatest force—magnetism."

He is Mr. Frank Haworth, and with headquarters at 103, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W., and representatives throughout the country, he holds out a new message of hope for sufferers of all classes.

From reports now before me I have no hesitation in denouncing him as a quack of a most sinister type who has cruelly defrauded a number of women who have fallen under his sway.

He professes to have a wonderful invention which provides "the only known method by which electro-magnetism is actually stored in the body" to be transformed into vital energy.

This treatment, he says, has been thoroughly tested in hospitals, sanatoria, and by various eminent doctors in private practice.

It has been applied to all classes of patients and to diseases in all stages of advancement, and its therapeutic value is said to have been scientifically demonstrated beyond question with every success. Results are positive and mostly permanent.

Cure-all

Among the ailments named as having been cured are asthma, bronchitis, gout, hysteria, influenza, insomnia, neuritis, paralysis, rheumatism in all forms, and sciatica.

Electro-magnetic therapy, one pamphlet explains, "slightly dilates the walls of the arterial system, enabling the blood to flow more freely and unrestrainedly, and removing one of the most prolific causes of heart trouble."

To-day, says Mr. Haworth, we live in an age of excitement, hurry and nerve strain.

Consequently we use a greater amount of vital energy than we can replace normally by the natural recuperative processes such as food, sleep, fresh air and sunshine.

And he winds up with the assertion that the treatment by electro-magnetic therapy is the only means by which energy is actually stored up in the cells and so brings back your vitality to that state where nature can perform its work, "prolong life, and give patients comfort and relief from their suffering, and power of resistance to disease. It rejuvenates—it gives new life."

All this sounds very authoritative and very arresting; but I would say at once that, whatever merits there may be in the invention, Haworth possesses no medical qualifications whatever and that any sufferers would be ill-advised to entrust themselves to his care.

Weekly Informations from

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Wyndham CHILDS

But apart from his preposterous pretensions as a medical counsellor, I find that Haworth is also imposing upon people in quite another way.

He has actually found a number of victims who have been completely deceived by his undoubted plausibility and great charm of manner. A grey-haired man of benevolent appearance, he seems to find little difficulty in persuading people to accept him at his own valuation.

One of his recent victims is a woman living in a Sussex village, who first got into touch with him through an advertisement in a daily paper, in which he called for a "secretary-receptionist."

At the initial interview Haworth had a most elaborate scheme in readiness for her approval.

His plan was that she should learn the secrets of magnetic-therapy under his guidance and then assume control of a branch clinic he intended to open in extension of an existing institution at Bournemouth.

The woman was so favourably impressed by all that Haworth told her that she agreed to invest nearly £500 for the privilege of being associated with his new schemes for placing "scientific" cures within the reach of suffering humanity.

It was understood that her money would be used to equip three electrical devices and that Haworth would find a similar sum for the same purpose.

But once he had obtained the woman's investment this enterprising "specialist" showed no inclination to keep to his side of the bargain.

The Bournemouth clinic, which was known as "Murray's Therapeutic Waves," seemed to do little or no business, sensible sufferers preferring, despite Haworth's messages of hope, to entrust themselves to skilled medical attention.

But Haworth was undaunted. Having obtained a small portion of his dupe's capital, he at once strove to interest her in still more ambitious schemes.

He proposed to move along the coast from Bournemouth and to open up another branch clinic in Southsea.

His enthusiasm was boundless, and he intimated that this idea would fit in very well with other developments he had planned.

Already, he confided, he was the proprietor of fourteen clinics in different parts of the country, and the business was progressing so rapidly that he was seriously thinking of forming a limited liability company to assume control and place the undertaking on the soundest possible footing.

In due course this proposed company would buy out her financial interest and she would stand to make a handsome profit.

Swayed by promises of this kind, the investor decided to put up a further £200 and, in addition, handed over a post-dated cheque for £270.

Acting with astonishing alacrity, Haworth contrived to raise money on this post-dated cheque and then promptly closed his account.

One of many

Completely disillusioned, the woman has now had to seek the assistance of friends to meet this second cheque.

All she has to show as a result of her short-lived association with Haworth is a number of electrical machines which nobody wants to buy!

She is, I find, only one of many victims who, in one way or another, have been duped by Haworth, whose dishonest transactions can be traced back over a number of years.

I can reveal him as an utter impostor and a mean and persistent rogue who started his present pseudo-medical campaign on his release a year or so back from Parkhurst Prison, where he had served a long term of penal servitude for a series of impudent frauds.

Reign ended

He has a propensity for preying upon women and it is significant that he is constantly advertising for attractive housekeepers, whom he invites to submit photographs for his consideration.

It is a disquieting fact that some of those who answered these advertisements have left his service hurriedly because of his unwelcome overtures.

A nice person indeed to preside over a chain of clinics for treating invalids!

Among his past achievements I find that he has excelled on occasion as a long-firm swindler; as the proprietor of bogus businesses; and as a manipulator of worthless cheques.

After this exposure I trust that his reign as a king of healers will be ended.

At any rate, I think I have divulged quite enough about his activities to show that any financial scheme that may emanate from him is best left alone.

At Your Service!

THE rogues who prey upon their fellow-men cast a wide net, and from all parts of the country we receive letters of complaint from readers who have been victimised and who lament the fact that all ordinary efforts to secure redress have failed.

It is in such cases that JOHN BULL can and does perform a useful service, for though rogues may evade the law, there is no avoiding the searchlight of publicity.

Exposure in JOHN BULL has brought about the downfall of countless offenders, as regular readers well know. Remember this if ever you are yourself a victim and WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT.

Bad Bargain Merchant

A LOT of traders are looking for a very smart business man named Henry Marks, who professes to deal in all kinds of merchandise at bargain prices. Those who have entered into transactions with him have done so to their sorrow.

Recently he called upon the proprietor of a South London shop and, after cultivating his acquaintance, spoke enthusiastically of his unique connection for buying in odd consignments goods at much below prevailing wholesale prices.

* * *

One day he announced that he had word of a bargain parcel of cigarettes worth fully £75, but available to him through a friend for £25.

He was willing to let the shopkeeper benefit by an introduction, the only stipulation being that it must be a cash transaction and carried out as quietly and quickly as possible.

In order that there should be no hitch, he offered to accompany the shopkeeper to his friend's office where the cigarettes were to be collected.

They journeyed to the East End of London together, and Marks conducted his companion to a block of business offices.

* * *

There he intimated that it would perhaps be as well if he concluded the actual deal while the shopkeeper called a taxi-cab in readiness to load up the goods.

Taking the money, he disappeared into the building, and, though his companion never left the spot, Marks was not seen to come out.

Eventually, after an anxious wait, the shopkeeper realised that he had been tricked and that Marks must have escaped from the building by a rear entrance.

He is only one of a number of traders who have been similarly duped by this elusive bargain-price merchant, whose present whereabouts is unknown.

Others should be on their guard.

FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS that RELIEVE SUFFERING, PROMOTE HEALTH and SAVE YOU DOCTORS' BILLS

Here are examples of proved domestic remedies supplied by the Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. Sufferers who have never tried Shadforth Prescriptions will be well repaid if they do so without delay. They are THE WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading pharmaceutical chemist is your guarantee of quality and worth. Each remedy is covered by the famous Shadforth £5,000 Guarantee. Turn your back on illness—get back good health and happiness by ordering those you need.

In addition to these excellent proved and tested remedies dispensed at low prices within the range of all, seize this unique opportunity of accepting a special introductory offer of a 1/- tube of SHADFORTH TOOTH PASTE, which whitens and cleanses the teeth, prevents decay and pyorrhœa and sweetens the breath. A full size tube will be sent FREE OF CHARGE with every order to the value of no less than 2/9 for a LIMITED TIME ONLY! Attach coupon below with your order.

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world. Millions owe their health, happiness and freedom from pain to his wonder-working prescriptions.

DEPRESSION, NERVES, DEBILITY, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, LOSS OF MEMORY, BRAIN FAG, NEURASTHENIA, SLEEPLESSNESS

are quickly banished by **"Brain Sparklers,"** the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. These magic pellets cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain, make you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days. "Brain Sparklers" dispel **Absentmindedness, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness. Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers"** for Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain Workers. Ask for "Brain Sparklers" **(Shadforth Prescription No. 470). A proved remedy.** Prices 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). Don't fail to try this wonderful tonic. Good for women as well as for men. It does not harm the heart or stomach.

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. See No. 632.

EVERY WORKER AND HIS WIFE NEED THIS MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN & NERVES

SPECIAL OFFER to "John Bull" readers FREE 1/- TUBE OF TOOTH PASTE.

In order to introduce this special new line—SHADFORTH TOOTH PASTE—to thousands of "John Bull" readers, a full-size tube (retailed at shops at 1/-) will be given free of charge to every reader who sends an order to the exceptionally low value of no less than 2/9. Orders can be made up for one or more of the prescriptions published on this page.

SEE COUPON BELOW.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

GIVE YOUR HEART THIS NEW LEASE OF LIFE!

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription **prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.**

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. See paragraph above headed "Depression." Order one of each and quickly feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC.

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457** — the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

MORE FAMOUS WONDER-WORKING REMEDIES THAT *ALWAYS* BRING RELIEF!

No. 850. **Psoriasis, Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Hair Falling Out). Special Ointment, 1/9 and 4/-.**
No. 930. **Do., do., do. Special Birch Tar Soap for use with** No. 850, **at 1/-.**
No. 20. **Wrinkle Cream. 1/9 and 3/6 per jar.**
No. 929. **Wrinkle Soap to use with** No. 20, **1/-.**
No. 986. **Ox Gall Obesity Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1,064. **Milk Sulphur Complexion Soap, 1/3.**
No. 1,080B. **Special Olive Oil Baby Soap, 1/-.**
No. 1,126. **Premature Old Age, Gland Weakness,** (in tablets). **at 6/6 and 12/6**
No. 331. **Cough, Bronchial Catarrh, at 2/6 and 4/6.**
No. 829TX. **Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets, at 1/6** (50) **and 2/9** (100 tablets).
No. 331/TAD. **Very successful specialist's Home Treatment for Tonsils and Adenoids. Price 7/6.**
No. 636. **Shadforth "Snow" Vanishing Cream, 10½d.**
No. 801. **Special Corn Cure Salve, 6d.**
No. 940. **Formalin Soap to use with 801, 1/-.**
No. 394/DD. **Specialist's Home Treatment for Piles. Price 7/9.**
No. 645I. **Hygienic Douche for Woman** (50 tablets). **2/6**

Full formula in plain English and directions sent with each.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR PAIN AFTER EATING.

From now on eat and enjoy whatever you fancy in moderation without unpleasant "after-effects." Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions."

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: 2/6 (144, 3 weeks' supply); **7/-** (432 Tablets, 9 weeks' supply).

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are **POSITIVELY The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.**

"NEVERILL"

OLD SALTS

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free. In air-tight canisters. **(Prescription 565K). 6d. and 1/-.**

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES!

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART, LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE

It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Many people who have been carried off during dangerous illness would have pulled through if their arteries had not imposed too great a strain on the heart. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly **reduces high blood pressure** and tension. It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness;** it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1108/T.** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Privately packed and post free by return post at above prices (abroad extra)

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Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Gamages, Harrods, Selfridges and leading chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from Shadforth's.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF & COMFORT FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis Prostatitis, Chronic Congestion, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Constipation, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforters."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. **Stop worrying!** Start taking this **proved** remedy **now** and be quickly restored. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

He needs "SHADFORTH" BLADDER COMFORTERS

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at **2/6** and **5/6 (No. 74/T).**

All the prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON TO SECURE 1/- TUBE OF SHADFORTH TOOTH PASTE

FREE

with every order and for a limited period only.

A FULL SIZE 1/- TUBE OF SHADFORTH TOOTH PASTE

(Prescription No. 1301/2.)

Be sure and seize this opportunity of testing this exceptionally good new product at our Free. "Shadforth" Tooth Paste whitens and cleanses the teeth, sweetens the breath, prevents decay and pyorrhœa. Recommended by dentists.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the Tube of Toothpaste will be forwarded post free by return. *John Bull* July 1/33.

Thank You— MR. ROBERT TURTON, M.P.!

SEVEN years ago a young man took up residence in Toynbee Hall, the famous Settlement in Stepney that will next year be celebrating its jubilee of work for the poor in the East End of London. His name was Robert Turton. As the nephew of a baronet he looked forward to making a career for himself at the Bar.

In the evenings young Turton sat and gave assistance at one of Toynbee Hall's main activities—the "Poor Man's Lawyer"—where free legal advice is furnished to those who stand in need of it, but cannot afford to engage solicitors.

He heard many pitiable stories of wrong, and discovered how true is the old saying, "One law for the rich and another for the poor." And he determined that if ever the chance came his way he would do his utmost to better things.

The chance did come, and very quickly.

Just as the 1929 General Election began, his uncle, Sir Edmund Turton, M.P., died. The Conservatives of his constituency, the Thirsk and Malton Division of the East Riding, elected young Robert in his place.

Rewarded

A few weeks later there was held the annual ballot for private members' Bills. Turton's luck was in. He drew No. 1, and this meant that the Government would have to allot a whole Friday to discussion of whatever Bill he chose to bring forward.

When the day came, he rose in his place and moved the second reading of the Poor Prisoners' Defence Bill. Its object was to fill one of those gaps in our legal administration he had so often observed when acting as Poor Man's Lawyer at Toynbee Hall.

Labour was then in power, and Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, gave his blessing to the Bill. In due course it became an Act, and now, whenever a prisoner has a defence to put forward, it is the law of the land that he shall not be deprived of expert legal assistance merely because he has not the means to pay for it. The State provides both counsel and solicitor.

Next, Mr. Turton turned his attention to another queer anomaly of British jurisprudence.

He had noted that while a person convicted at Assizes or Quarter Sessions of any offence from murder or high treason downwards can appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal in London without any financial charge to himself, the same was far from being true of those involved in lesser charges at the police courts.

Not one in a hundred ever contest a sentence or fine imposed by the magistrates. Yet a police court conviction might equally carry with it a stigma that would last for life.

For example, a few months ago a woman was charged with stealing money from other members of a tennis-club to which she belonged. Before the local magistrates she strenuously protested her innocence, but was declared guilty and fined £10.

The woman's husband was fortunately a man in a good position. He determined that no expense should stand in the way of clearing his wife's character.

Costly procedure

One of the most famous K.C.s was briefed in the appeal before Quarter Sessions. It succeeded. The conviction was quashed. *But the appeal costs ran out at nearly* £1,000.

This may be a rather exceptional instance.

It is, however, far from rare for an appeal from the local Bench or Stipendiary to run appellants into an expense of at least £100.

That is why so few people can afford to make them. It is not because they don't want to do so. The magistrates in almost every county hear thousands of "petty" cases every year. Not more than a handful ever engage the attention of Quarter Sessions.

Poor Man's Lawyer—poor man's friend: Mr. Robert Turton, M.P.

If anyone wants to contest a decision of the "beaks," and desires a second hearing before the Recorder, or the county justices, at Sessions, this privilege can be attained only by complying with an expensive and cumbrous procedure.

The Clerks of Petty Sessions dislike appeals intensely. Many therefore make them as difficult as possible by insisting on high "sureties" against the Crown (or county council) costs in the event of the appeal failing.

Notice of appeal has also to be given in within seven days of the first hearing, otherwise it is "out of time," and will be disallowed.

Hence, poor people are virtually denied the right of contesting police court judgments, although the consequences of leaving matters as they are may be very serious to them.

Mr. Robert Turton is, again, the Member of Parliament whom poor people will thank for setting on foot a measure that should materially help to put an end to such a gross injustice.

By his Summary Jurisdiction (Appeals) Bill, which is now in its final stages before the Lords prior to receiving Royal Assent, the time for an appeal to be lodged is increased from a week to a fortnight.

The court before which the accused's conviction was recorded is given greater discretion as to sureties, and while there will be no encouragement of frivolous "arguing the toss," no undue bar remains in the way of any who desire to contest the judgment given.

If the prospective appellant is in custody the court may release him on his entering into adequate recognisances to appear at Quarter Sessions and conduct his appeal there.

Legal aid, similar to that afforded under the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, is provided for where means are insufficient, if it "is in the interests of justice" that this be given.

Regrettably, an amendment was carried in Committee which debars those prosecuting bastardy appeals from receiving this assistance. As is well known, such cases are extremely difficult to decide rightly, and once an adverse judgment is given one party or the other may be under heavy liabilities for many years to come.

Lesson to others

If an appeal, under the Bill, is successful, the court has power to reimburse the appellant for costs properly incurred.

Up to the present time, Benches hearing appeals are often unwieldy and obtuse. If this Bill becomes an Act of Parliament special "Appeals Committees" will be set up in each shire composed of those having special qualifications, and comprising not less than five nor more than twelve magistrates.

In general, the measure moderates the wording of the old 1879 Summary Jurisdiction Act, and constitutes a much-needed step towards rendering less true the old gibe, "One law for the rich and another for the poor."

Not a bad record for four years in Parliament, Mr. Turton! And a lesson to other young M.P.s.

LONG-RANGE *Philanthropy*

WHEN business people profess to know of golden opportunities for making money, and yet show no desire to keep their "inside information" to themselves, one may be forgiven for entertaining some doubt as to their sincerity.

And when we find that they are literally combing the British Isles in their endeavours to place their "good things" within reach of perfect strangers suspicion is more than confirmed.

These reflections are prompted by the fact that we have lately received enquiries from readers in centres as scattered as Great Ellingham, Norfolk, Thornton Heath, Surrey, and County Clare, Ireland, all of which have a common trend.

Each correspondent has been favoured with unsolicited letters and printed matter from a firm of self-styled "investment brokers" known as Ward, Daw and Company, of 9, London Street, London, E.C.

And each has been invited to participate in share transactions in which there has been talk of handsome and speedy profits. One proposition is described as "a temporary (six weeks) investment on a shipping consignment showing a profit of £1 4s. on each £10 capital provided."

As only £800 is required in all to finance this particular deal, and the profit is so swift and assured, it is rather surprising that these precious "investment brokers" should take all the trouble and expense of preparing circulars and endeavour to raise the money piecemeal throughout the land.

But Ward, Daw and Company go much further in their efforts to stimulate long-range investors. They issue a four-page financial paper called *The Market Report*, which tells of "the golden opportunities of to-day," and of "four systems of profit-making."

Though talk of this sort might make a big impression on inexperienced investors, anyone versed in stock and share transactions would know that established brokers do not find it necessary to tout for clients in this way.

The fact is that Ward, Daw and Company is nothing more than the business name for one Robert W. Daw, who occupies most modest offices. Some of the printed matter also gives the name of R. Ward as a co-proprietor.

The particulars lodged at the Registry of Business Names give the proprietor as Robert Ward Daw. And the company is said to have started business on May 1.

Those who wish to speculate on the Stock Exchange would be well advised to act through more orthodox share brokers.

SEE THE WORLD
WITH
"JOHN BULL"
* * *
An Amazing Announcement Next Week!

The Biggest IMPOSTO

THE upstart adventurer who successfully masquerades as a nobleman is a familiar figure in farce; but there is nothing farcical about the impudent impostures of the rogue here exposed in the person of Count Roussell de Dorée.

Here is a brazen nonentity who has not only gained entry to exclusive society circles in England and on the Continent, but has even enjoyed special diplomatic privileges in nearly every country in Europe!

We do not remember to have encountered outside the pages of fiction such an amazing impostor on the grand scale. And it is an astounding revelation that an existence of this type can be lived successfully in a world where the means of communication and the dissemination of information would be thought to prove an insuperable bar to a prolonged masquerade such as has been sustained by the Count de Dorée.

In London, of late, he has attended many important functions; has been freely photographed in the company of the *élite;* has frequented the most fashionable hotels, and has claimed a distinguished circle of friends.

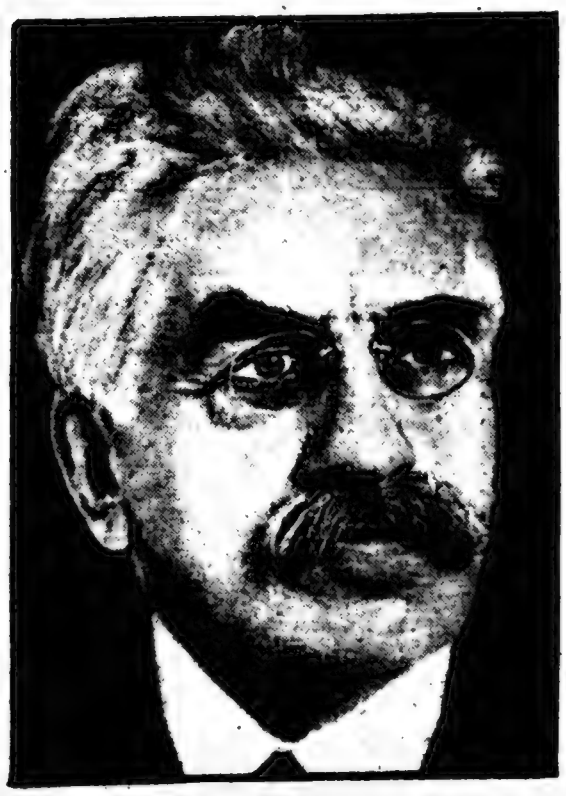
Peers, princes, Indian potentates and wealthy society women have been constantly associated with him, and though only in the early thirties he has delighted everyone with his charm, polish and conversational gifts.

But we shall reveal him (probably much to the amazement of many well-known people) as an audacious impostor who has stooped to one discreditable act after another in the course of a chequered and colourful career.

First, let us take him at his own valuation.

He delights in telling admirers how he once held the privileged position of aide-de-camp to His Royal Highness Prince Rana Hem Shamshere Jang Bedapur of Nepal, son of the millionaire Maharajah of Patiala, whom he also professes to number among his distinguished friends.

Prince Peter of Montenegro, to whom the "Count" says he owes his exalted rank



M. Millerand, former President of France, for whom the Marquis de Goldstone endeavoured to arrange a banquet—on credit!

Honoured . . .

He claims, too, to be the personal friend of Prince Peter of Montenegro, to whom he owes his exalted title of Count.

This honour, he confides, was bestowed upon him in 1928 in return for important diplomatic services he was able to render to the Prince and other help in affairs of State.

And, while claiming entry to high circles on the strength of these and similar achievements, the Count Roussell de Dorée has driven from function to function in smart limousines whose doors have borne a nine-pointed coronet.

This same impressive device has adorned his stationery and visiting cards, together with the motto: "Valor et Fortuna"—"Courage and Luck."

Just how appropriate is this motto will be seen when the inner history of this bogus nobleman has been laid bare.

Perhaps his supreme piece of impudence has been to display a photograph of His Majesty the King with a group of distinguished people in which he pretends he figures.

Though the Count has been hovering on the fringe of society for several years, he first came into real prominence at an engagement party given at a leading London hotel by His Highness Prince Leopold Lowenstein Wertheim of Bavaria, and at the inaugural dinner of an organisation known as the Royal Stuart Society and Royalist League.

Serene and immaculate, he sat in a privileged position at the former function at the Prince's table, while at the latter he was also in company with a close friend of his who passes variously as the Marquis de Goldstone, Count D'Avison, and the Duc de Montfaucon.

It is of more than passing interest to note that this friend likewise claims to have received his title from Prince Peter of Montenegro for diplomatic services.

Dazzling . . .

But the Marquis de Goldstone and Count Roussell de Dorée have quite a lot in common. Until recently they lived together at a house in Kensington and achieved some publicity as leading figures in the Royal Stuart Society and Royalist League.

This aims at registering and holding together in a corporate body "the descendants of Royalist, Cavalier and Jacobite families, and loyal supporters of whatever religious persuasion."

And it is bent upon perpetuating "the loyal traditions associated with the memory of Mary Queen of Scots, the Martyred King Charles I, and Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Both Count Roussell de Dorée and the Marquis de Goldstone attended an inaugural dinner of the society resplendent in Court evening dress and displaying a dazzling array of medals and decorations.

Their Kensington address was at this time being besieged by creditors, and complaints regarding some of their activities were beginning to reach Scotland Yard.

Bluff that failed

The lavish furnishings of Goldstone's flat were seized for debt, and with pressing creditors making things a little too unpleasant, the Count and the Marquis parted company. Since then they have gone their separate ways.

Goldstone found his way to France, but his astonishing operations among highly-placed people there soon engaged the attention of the French police. His plurality of titles, his handsome attire and flashing decorations could not save him. But he kept up a colossal bluff to the last.

When finally arrested for fraud and for uttering false cheques he was actually engaged in arranging (on credit!) a magnificent banquet in honour of M. Millerand, the ex-Premier of France.

Banished from Paris, the Marquis next turned up in Brussels, where he was recently sentenced to imprisonment for further offences and ordered to be deported.

These unfortunate reverses of fortune in the affairs of his erstwhile friend have not discouraged Count Roussell de Dorée, who has remained in England, still mixing with distinguished people and contriving to keep his creditors at bay.

Only a couple of weeks ago he was to be seen dancing with society women at a famous ball, wearing a magnificent Court dress, ablaze with gold braid.

No one who saw him could possibly have guessed that he was at that very moment hard up for the price of a meal.

But lack of ready money has

OR in SOCIETY

The bogus nobleman, "Count" Roussell de Doree," here strikes an elegant pose in the vestibule of a fashionable hotel. On his left is his erstwhile associate, the self-styled Marquis de Goldstone

never troubled this illustrious nobleman. He is a professional "sponger," and is not above imposing upon his numberless women friends, some of whom he has duped most shamelessly.

There is one woman in London today to whom he owes hundreds of pounds. He has drawn money from her with the most astonishing stories. Often he has gone to her when in serious trouble and persuaded her to come to his financial rescue. But his promises of repayment have been broken repeatedly.

Woman deceived

It says much for his plausibility that in spite of all this he was able to re-establish himself in this woman's confidence again and again. Recently he involved her in court proceedings in which she was his scapegoat and which have left her practically penniless.

Briefly the facts were as follows: A woman he had previously known brought an action for money due and succeeded in obtaining judgment against him.

But Count Roussell de Dorée made no attempt to pay, and continued to show his devotion to luxury and leisure.

His only real possession, apart from a sheaf of unpaid bills, was a motor-car registered in his name. This was seized on his failure to settle his debt, and though the other woman friend we have mentioned had financed its purchase she was unable to establish her claim to it.

Crafty step

Now practically at the end of her resources, she has wisely refused to listen to any more of his lies or promises, or to have anything further to do with him.

There is yet another society woman who has parted with substantial sums of money to this bogus Count in response to his specious promises. And she has found that, in addition to imposing upon her generosity in this way, he has obtained credit in her name, so causing her endless annoyance and distress.

He even had the impertinence, too, after attending an hotel function she had financed, to issue a statement to the Press to the effect that he had attended as the representative of the Governor-General of the Royal Stuart Society and of Prince Leopold of Bavaria.

But this was just one more crafty step to gain publicity for himself and to consolidate his position in society esteem.

To understand the full audacity of his pretensions it is only necessary to trace his hectic career from his earliest beginnings.

His real name is Joseph Russell Dore, and he was born thirty-one years ago at Pucklechurch, in the county of Gloucestershire.

His birth certificate—a copy of which now lies before us—describes his father as a grocer.

Prince's sycophant

A few years ago he was studying at a horticultural college at Wisley, in Surrey, and it was during his student days there that he first made the acquaintance of His Highness Prince Hem of Nepal, whose name he has since so effectively employed to lend colour to his various stories.

He contrived to spend much time in the latter's company. In this way he made his first acquaintance with the luxury life of the West End, visited the best hotels and enjoyed one long round of pleasure at the Prince's expense.

This chapter of his career closed suddenly when he got into trouble with the authorities through passing dishonoured cheques; but before his doubtful transactions could be fully investigated he went to Paris, where a new era of luxury and idleness began.

Soon he was staying in a mansion known as the Chateau de Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne. And, always as a parasite, he contrived to enjoy every conceivable pleasure in the Gay City, where he was accepted in high circles just as he had been in London.

But to keep up appearances it was necessary to do more than sponge upon the wealthy people whose hospitality he abused. His resource was quite equal to this, however, and he incurred credit on the strength of the aura of grandeur which by this time had settled upon him.

It could not last, of course, but the Count exploited the possibilities of the situation to the full. He had an impressive title and a gracious manner. He was seen everywhere in distinguished company. That was enough for him; and it was enough for his various dupes—at first.

Jailed for fraud

Even unlimited grace and charm will not stave off disillusioned creditors for ever. This chapter also came to a sudden end with the youthful nobleman being brought back to England at the expense of the British authorities in France.

Nothing can keep a determined impostor of this stamp down. Temporarily disgraced in London and Paris, the irrepressible Count sought pastures new, and shortly after his Parisian escapade he turned up in Nice and was soon yachting on the Riviera.

Gradually as time went on he began to regale his admirers with tales of his diplomatic achievements as aide-de-camp to His Highness Prince Rana Hem Shamshere Jang Bedapur of Nepal.

And that they stood him in good stead may be gathered from the fact that he was soon enjoying the hospitality of a famous millionaire!

His triumphs on this occasion were rather short-lived and ended sensationally when this bright young nobleman was suddenly arrested by the Nice police and subsequently cast into jail for fraud!

On his release from prison he decided, apparently, that it would be advisable to sink his ambitions for the time being and seek seclusion until the sensation caused by his arrest had subsided.

Not without a sigh, perhaps, he turned his back upon the gay hotels of Nice, said farewell to the pretty women, the champagne and festivity, dropped his exalted titles and enlisted as a private in the French Foreign Legion!

Daring escape

Only his closest confidants knew of this, his greatest secret, and the stories of his experiences in Northern Africa with the soldiers of the desert are perhaps the only ones he chooses to keep to himself.

But the Legion, which has broken the spirit of so many men, could not quell this doughty adventurer. He suffered its discipline and torments no longer than served his purpose. The moment he thought it safe to return to the world he planned to desert.

With his daring and resource the problem of escape presented few difficulties. Soon he had shaken the dust of the desert from his feet and was rehabilitating himself—this time in Germany!

His service with the Foreign Legion had in no way blunted his taste for luxury. Using all his wiles to establish credit, he now lived in the best style and thoroughly enjoyed himself until the authorities descended upon him and he was favoured with a glimpse of the interior of a German jail.

But his motto—"Courage and Luck"—so well chosen, buoyed him up when his freedom was once again regained.

The Maharajah of Patiala, who has been named by the "Count" as being just one of his many distinguished friends

Second bid

He made a second bid for magnificence, but his ineradicable habit of always striving to live on the best at other people's expense gained him a second period of retirement in a German jail.

This was followed by his deportation, but the fact that he returned to England after all these vicissitudes as a jailbird and deportee still did not daunt him. For it is following all this that he has blossomed forth in greater style than ever as the illustrious Count Roussell de Dorée, friend and confidant of royalty, world traveller and diplomat!

As we have shown, he has been amazingly successful in deceiving Press and public alike. Not once, apparently, has any suspicion been aroused as to his bona-fides, and he has been received everywhere as an honoured guest.

His present imposition on society represents the peak of his stupendous career of bluff. But the greater the rise the greater the fall.

Although he clearly enjoys the limelight and likes to hold the centre of the stage when gracing fashionable functions with his presence, he is not likely to welcome the publicity here accorded him. The cold light of truth should prove his undoing.

After this exposure he should not find it so easy to re-establish himself as "the friend of kings." If he is wise he will pass once more into obscurity. But we doubt if even the French Foreign Legion will want him now!

Corns *and* **hot feet**

completely relieved

Why go on suffering agonies from corns? Why put up any longer with the irritation of itching, burning, swelling, perspiring feet, when a few pleasantly-scented Radox medicated foot-baths will end your trouble for good and all. Read this letter:—

"I suffered terribly with corns and hot feet, which made me unable to follow my employment for days at a time. I was advised by my workmate to try Radox Bath Salts, and on the second soaking for one hour I took five corns from my feet—two under the ball of the foot and three on the tips of the toes. I continued with Radox foot-baths until the hard skin dissolved, and after two months' treatment my feet are absolutely perfect. I can assure you I have recommended Radox to several men in our market, and it is a great boon to them."

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Radox contains four different salts, each of which fulfils a different purpose. One banishes odour and perspiration—one is antiseptic—one softens the water—and one releases Oxygen, which carries the softening salts right to the roots of corns and loosens them so that they may be lifted out bodily, root and all. Only in Radox do you get this fourfold combination.

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Holdens.

My Seven Years in a HAREM

MANY people believe that harems have not actually been in existence for a good many years. But mine is the story of an Englishwoman who lived in a Turkish seraglio as short a while ago as 1920, and to-day I am only thirty!

True, harems have been expressly forbidden by Mustapha Kemal, but is such an age-old Eastern custom so easily eradicated? I have not the slightest doubt that hundreds of secret harems still exist.

More! I emphatically believe that in all probability not a few Englishwomen such as myself are still imprisoned, captive either behind strong, iron-latticed windows or through the equally unbreakable bond of their own desire.

For, if they capture you young, life in the zenana seems pleasant enough. It is only when a woman has known the sophisticated freedom of the West that the long, scented days of a Mussulman's household seem unbearable.

To me, as a mere child, happiness came practically unspoilt. I imagined the life outside the harem walls as vastly more horrible!

I pictured the world as a slaughter-house scene of unspeakable carnage. I believed that men and women were not allowed to live longer than a few days. So did the terror of the Armenian massacres affect the mind of a twelve-year-old. . . .

Perhaps it is well I did not know the truth. I did not realise that my everyday life had shocked the civilised world. I thought the murder of my father and mother an everyday affair!

"They had to drag me into his presence, and there sat the Frenchman, as he really was"

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—42

CARRYING on mission work at Tassana, on the Armenian-Turko border, our home was more a hospital than anything else. Frequent Turkish incursions usually resulted in bloodshed, and I remember life in 1915 as one long procession of wounded men and women.

"We were safe," I understood, "because we were English"; but when the house was eventually raided and my parents were attacked, it seemed to be all in the natural order of things.

Even now, my own escape seems miraculous. In the fields outside the town the mutilated corpses of men and women were lying like sleeping sheep. Everywhere, murderous parties of raiding Turks were plundering and killing.

When the turn of our home came, I mercifully saw nothing of the end of my parents. I bolted into the bakehouse and hid in the oven, and then, when the hubbub had somewhat subsided, I ran like a mad thing.

I ran for three days, dropping and sleeping every evening through sheer exhaustion, eating berries, living like a wild beast, hiding whenever horsemen appeared. I ran 100 miles in four days and then reached Kars.

The friendliness of the city and the fact that all the inhabitants were alive somewhat eased my fears. I swiftly learned the art of begging, and for a fortnight lived entirely on charity, sleeping under the shelter of the market stalls whenever I could.

Goodness knows what the passers-by must have thought of me! The dirt and sunburn of my face effectually concealed the true colour of my skin, but my clothes were markedly European, though torn and tattered.

At the end of two weeks, at any rate, a man, who had passed me regularly every day for the better part of a week, questioned me. Where had I come from? Where was my mother? Why was I begging?

The experience of the city had partly dispelled from my head the belief that all Turks were bloodhunters, and in the end his kindness overcame my reluctant answers.

I told him—in Turkish, of course—the whole story. He immediately offered me shelter, and ultimately I took hold of his robe and followed him through the streets.

So I became a member of the household of Muspa Bey.

Passing to the outskirts of Kars, we entered a large house with many wings and courtyards in the Turkish style, and I was finally handed over to a woman who welcomed me smilingly, then led me to the women's apartments, where a number of other girls gazed at me with curious eyes.

THERE followed—after those days of filth in the gutter—the bath of my life. Two baths, in fact. Then I was scent-sprayed, clad in the conventional Turkish women's costume and allowed to sleep.

But now, if you expect a shattering exposure of harem wickedness, you will be disappointed. Save for the fact of polygamy, the harem is as well conducted as any English family, if not better, and with childish innocence I was not alive to the possibilities.

Nor did the girls enlighten me. Four new arrivals were regularly added to the harem every year, I learned, while four "went away," and I had presented myself with the utmost punctuality according to the will of Allah.

That first day, I remember, I had to tell the other girls the story of my life, and when they discovered my nationality I immediately had to entertain them by speaking English.

There I sat, jabbering anything that came into my head, while the others rolled their eyes in a sort of wonder!

BUT I swiftly settled down into the languorous routine. After a week of idleness, I was appointed slave to one of the Bey's unofficial wives. Every day I scrubbed her back, manicured her nails and dressed her hair—and was sometimes soundly slapped for making a poor hash of the coiffure.

I use the world "unofficial" incidentally, because it is not generally realised that, Mustapha Kemal's orders apart, a Mohammedan may not have more wives than are permitted by his religion. Four brides are allowed by the Koran and, by an unwritten law, seven to a

(*Continued on page 24.*)

Just the thing to help quench thirst

Swinging along a dusty road under the heat of the sun, that's the time for Wrigley's. Its refreshing flavour helps to quench thirst, takes away that parched, dry feeling, leaving the mouth fresh and cool.

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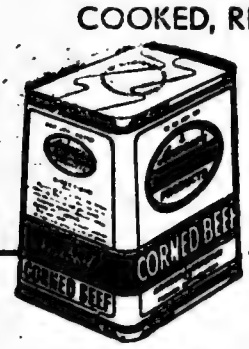

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or write your slogan on the back of a label from a tin of Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef, fill in the coupon below, attach to label and send to Armour & Co. Ltd., Armour House, London, E.C.1. Competition No. 2 closes July 31st, 1933.

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and feels rather faint at mixed grill,

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just gives her a glorious thrill!

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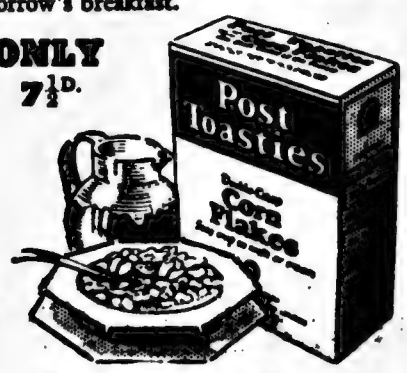

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My Voice Saved Me!

(Continued from page 22)

Sultan. Only the number of concubines is unlimited.

Then I was myself trained to meet the Bey. Smooth walking, the art of eating food in a delicate manner, dancing—all these accomplishments had to be mastered. Even my teeth were examined by one of the eunuchs, but mercifully they were all in order.

Pretty clothes and jewellery were mine for the asking, and the one rule was that the gems should be returned to their nests every night. Once when I did not do so, I received a mild beating. Though the life was luxurious, discipline was strict.

We rose at a certain hour, ate at a certain hour, prayed three times a day, bathed twice, dined at regular intervals. Soon I was no longer a slave, but a little person of consequence. Now new arrivals and other odalisques scrubbed *my* back and ate *my* food, squatted with the bowl whilst I ate.

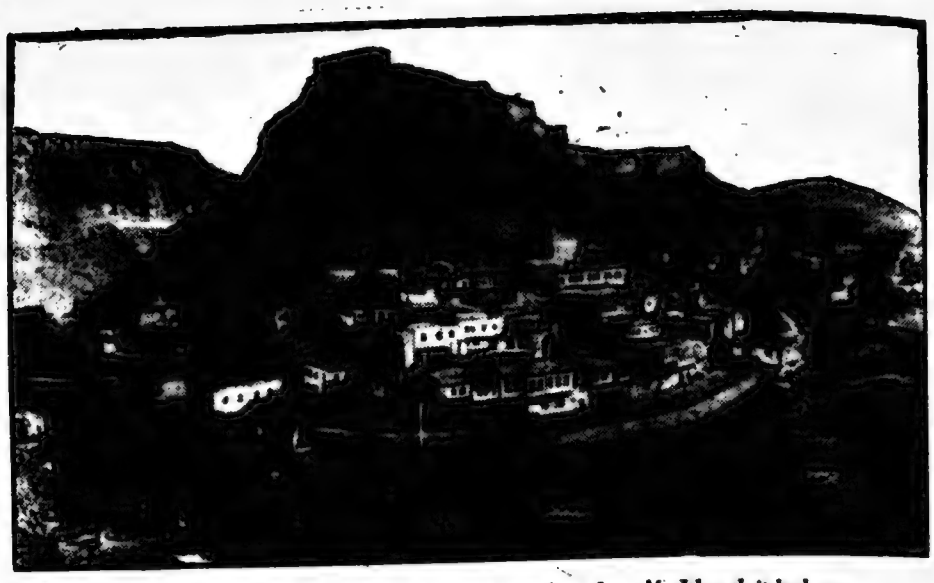
Now there came into my mind the dreadful suspicion that I was being fattened for a feast, and it was not until every one of the "wives" had assured me otherwise that my mind was eased. The fact that I had learned so little, comparatively speaking, may surprise you, but not so much as I have been surprised by the misconceptions of harem life prevalent in Europe.

AT last came the great day when I was conducted to the Bey. It was really quite a ceremonial affair. Three of the chief wives escorted me through bare stone corridors to the main apartment. No, there were no heavy carpets or fine silk hangings in those passage-ways.

Only the Bey's room itself was a bright affair. Here he reclined on brilliant cushions, smoking a hookah—not the dirty, disreputable and aged sheik in long robes that Western peoples nowadays expect, but a handsome young man attired in European fashion.

Timidly I walked forward, urged on by the wives, till I stood beside him. He smiled, asked me if I was well treated and happy, and after answering in the affirmative, I knelt for the touch of his foot. This signalled my fully fledged status in his household—and the feasting began.

I need not weary you with a description of the celebrations. The meal was one of twenty full courses in Eastern fashion, and it concluded with dancing and singing in the approved fashion. Then we all scurried back to our three long dormitories and, thoroughly bloated, I slept in peace.



"The friendliness of the city somewhat eased my fears," although it looks formidable—the fortress town of Kars

After another two months the "favourite" wife herself came for me and introduced herself by giving me a sound box on the ears. From this I gathered that the Bey himself might desire my presence, and my intuition was correct.

This time the master of the house and I, his humble servant, were alone together. Had the "sheik" novelists seen us they would have been intensely dissatisfied, for there were no scenes of passion or Eastern love. "I'm told you can sing," said the Bey. "Let me hear you!"

After I had quavered a little Eastern tune he asked for another, and so I continued, sitting on the floor beside his couch whilst he smoked and read, till I eventually reached the end of my Turkish repertoire.

Did I know any more?

"Only English!" I answered.

"Let me hear those, then!" came the command, and I burst into the tunes I had gleaned from my father—"Come into the Garden, Maud," "Alice, where art thou?" "Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and similar airs.

The Bey was delighted. "You must come again," he said presently, and then I went back to the women. He did not forget his invitation. Often I sat beside this modern Turk, singing the songs of Victorian England. An odd picture now as I look back at it!

NOW the harem seemed to be my only home. With the other twenty-nine wives—it was always that number, no more and no less—I lived week in, week out, for the better part of seven years. Never once did my duties before the Bey come to anything more than singing, never once did I see anything of the outside world save that glimpsed from the windows.

But since the menfolk I saw were always armed, my opinion of civilisation did not change, and nothing, it seemed, could have torn me from the security of the seraglio. Instinct was to prove more powerful than inclination, and my release finally came about through pure impulse.

Despite our furtive peeps through the windows, we were not supposed to look on any men save the eunuchs or to talk to them. Whenever we traversed the corridors, climbed or descended the stairs or reached a corner, we had to clap our hands.

If an answering clap sounded it meant that a man had heard, and we had to scuttle for shelter to one of the anterooms.

ONE day it became common knowledge that an important visitor had come to the house, and we were all agog to know whom it could be.

Hence, when I was about to turn into a passage while bound on some trivial errand and a clap replied to my clap, the temptation of peeping could not be resisted.

So I remained behind the curtains of my hiding-place, watching with one eye. The man came into sight round the corner. It was an Englishman! Or so I thought at the time.

Without thought, I hurtled from my hole full tilt against him. I was English, too—where were all the other English people—were they all dead or did he know of any? My stream of excited questions rushed out in a steady stream while he stared at me with shocked eyes, yet uncomprehendingly.

And suddenly I realised the enormity of my offence. I had spoken to a man; the penalty would be death! Instantly I tore myself out of his arms and rushed back to my dormitory.

An hour later the Bey summoned me. He would certainly want to kill me, although he had always been so kind, my frightened little heart warned me. They had to drag me into his presence, and there sat the Frenchman, as he really was, while the Bey's eyes were grave.

I can only suppose that the Frenchman, on guessing at my nationality, had either warned the Bey that the authorities would stir up trouble should they ever hear of my "plight," or else had asked for my release in some simpler way.

AT any rate, twenty-four hours later I quitted the harem for ever, and in the company of my Frenchman travelled to Paris. There for several months I sang Turkish songs in a cabaret till, quite by chance, my story reached the ears of the British Consul.

Now I am happily married, peaceful in a country cottage. But, I shall always recollect tenderly my life in a rich man's harem, of which in this story I have told you the plain, unvarnished truth.

In next week's issue a reader relates a thrilling true story of his miraculous escape from death when an American air liner crashed

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Chapter of Accidents

WHEN Ruby, now eight, was four years old, she saw her ex-Service dad killed while riding a bicycle. Since that tragedy in 1929, her mother's life has been an almost incredible chapter of accidents. Her eldest girl, two years older than Ruby, is a victim of "sleepy sickness."

The mother, left a widow with four little ones, the two youngest aged two years and a five-and-a-half-months-old infant, who was in a plaster case and now suffers from fits, took a small boarding-house to augment her pension of 24s. a week. Whilst viewing it, she tripped and fractured her right arm.

The day after moving into the house Ruby fell off a swing and broke her right arm. Then all four children contracted measles and congestion of the lungs.

The eldest girl was X-rayed and proved to be a hopeless invalid, with the muscles on her right side eaten away.

Worried to death with so much sickness, the poor widow could not take visitors into her boarding-house all last season, as she again put her right arm out of joint by a second fall.

Last September the home was sold up, and she moved to another town, where she secured two rooms at 14s. 6d. a week which left her with 9s. 6d. for the family to live on, with the result that they all collapsed with the 'flu. On recovery, she managed to get work, and started to get a little home together.

In less than a fortnight of moving in she developed a bad throat; and her boy again caught measles, which spread to the other three children. Their mother secured another job, when she fell in the street and fractured her ankle.

At this time the bailiffs entered the house, and all but the beds, a bamboo table, a baby chair and another chair were seized. Sitting on the cold floor didn't agree with poor little Ruby, and she is now in hospital awaiting an operation.

Ruby

The children's mother cries: "I want to get my little home back again. If I could get a few pounds I could start a small drapery round."

Donations earmarked "Ruby," and those for the fund generally, should be addressed to the The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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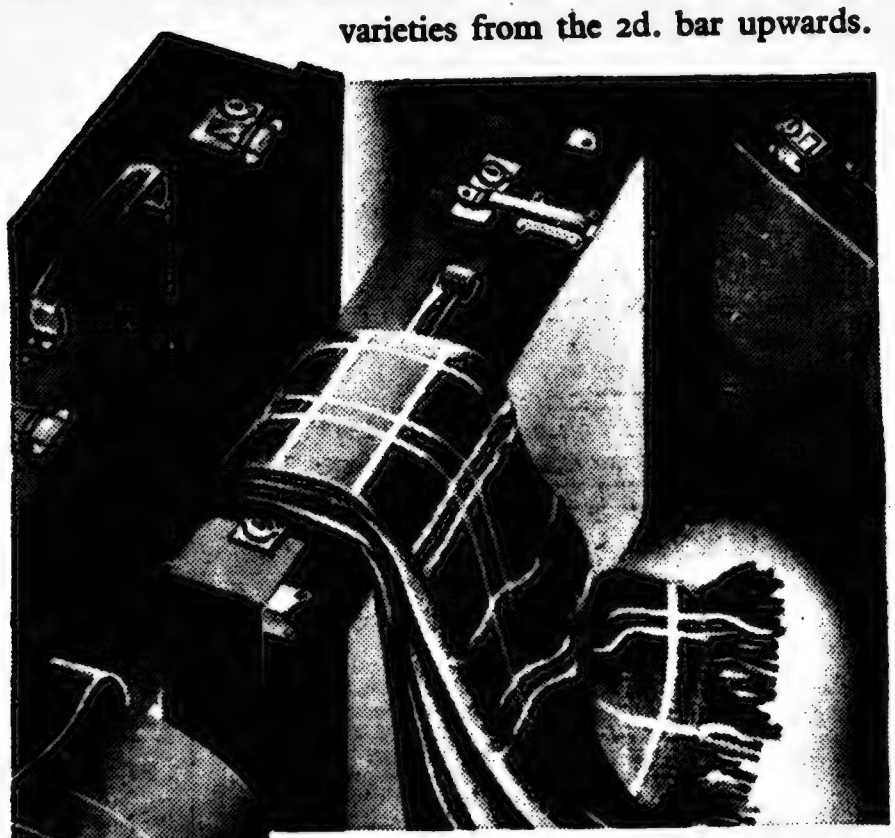

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The BOY who Goes Wrong

The young rogue who delights to do the wrong thing. Philip Inman suggests how he may be taught to "think right"

IT is a strange paradox of life that children who have devoted parents often turn out badly, while those who are left to fend for themselves often "make good." It is another strange fact that boys and girls who are mischievous, troublesome young dare-devils often grow up to be quite respectable and responsible men and women. I would rather have a child who is a young imp than one in whose mouth butter wouldn't melt.

Yet there is a difference between impishness and roguery. High spirits do not mean licence. Thieving and lying are definite vices and not simply virtues gone wrong. And they must be checked. But how? Well, here is one letter from a widow, who tells me that her life has been a perpetual struggle, as she was left with eight children to bring up and educate. She is now reaping the reward of her devotion and sacrifice. Four of them have gone into the world and are "making good." The fifth child, a boy, is causing her anxiety.

"He is," she writes, "just thirteen, and I don't know what to do with him. He goes about with all the roughs of the place and has several times stolen money, which he spends on cigarettes and sweets and pictures. His elder brother has thrashed him, but it seems to have no effect whatever. I sometimes think his trouble may be due to his having suffered from convulsions when a child. For, in spite of his wickedness, he is a most generous boy and everybody likes him."

WHAT is there to account for this boy's conduct? The home influence seems to be of the best. The mother has tried to bring up her children in the right way and, with the exception of this one lad, she has been conspicuously successful. His inclination to go wrong, therefore, clearly emanates from some other source.

Boys of thirteen are at a very impressionable age and can be easily led; they are often induced to do things that would otherwise never occur to them. Bad companionship has led many a youth into the dock. Yet I am inclined to look further for the real solution to this boy's actions. He suffered from convulsions as a child, and this trouble often leaves a kink which develops in later life. Then ordinary instincts become warped, and if there are two ways of doing a thing the afflicted person much prefers the wrong way.

I confess that I am not one of those who have lost all faith in the efficacy of a good thrashing; I think it is a definite cure in some cases—but certainly not in this one. It is like whipping a cripple because he cannot keep his balance on a tight-rope. This child may be just as crippled in mind as a person without a leg is in body.

NO, the only thing to do is to take him to a good general hospital and there consult a nerve specialist, who may prescribe a course of treatment which will lead to a definite cure. I hope sincerely it will do so for this boy.

My second correspondent is a mother who is in despair over her daughter, an only child, aged fifteen. She tells me:

"We have been able to give her advantages that would have been impossible if our family had been larger, and we have contrived to send her to the best school available. But in the last year or so her disposition has gradually changed. She used to confide everything to me and was a most open-hearted girl. Now she deliberately lies to us about her movements and about the most trivial and stupid things. We can't account for it in any way, and wonder if you can help us, as the worry is naturally a very serious one to us."

HOW to handle a child who tells lies is a very difficult problem to tackle. Deception is such a senseless practice and can, of course, create endless troubles, but there is a difference between a child who tells meaningless untruths and an adult who deliberately lies to deceive.

After all, don't let us forget that children are brought up in an atmosphere of make-believe; we tell them fantastic stories about Father Christmas, we fill their minds with fairy tales. And then, when they respond in similar terms, we call it lying.

It is when those children grow up and those harmless untruths develop into deliberate lying that the trouble becomes serious. The girl in this case is now fifteen years of age, she is of an age when she can be reasoned with. Her parents should find out why she indulges in this habit. It may be that they themselves are not blameless. An only child is often treated like a baby, even when almost grown up, and restrictions are sometimes imposed which lead to deceptions.

The mother complains that she has lost her child's confidence. Let me remind her that the age of adolescence in a girl is a difficult and dangerous time. She is inclined to become shy and secretive. And the best way to deal with this period is to treat her more or less on the footing of an equal. Make the girl realise that she counts for something. Those parents are most successful who let their children feel that they understand, and, with their greater experience of life, are ready to guide and help them. In a word, make a confidant of your child and your child will respond and make a confidant of you.

Just a word to those parents who have highly strung, sensitive children. Don't curb their imagination unduly! Let them build their castles in the air! It is people with ideas who are badly wanted in this broken-down world.

MY third problem concerns a lad who is exceptional in more senses than one. Let his father's letter speak for itself:

"We have three children. The eldest boy is sixteen, his brother nearly fourteen, and there is a girl of eleven. From being a tiny tot, Fred, our first-born, has been very sharp, and when he went to school he carried everything before him and won a scholarship to the grammar school when he was twelve.

"We are only working folk, and two years ago we decided he would have to leave school and start work, but the headmaster pleaded with us to let him remain, saying he had exceptional ability and was one of his best pupils. So, though it meant a considerable sacrifice, we agreed to let him stay. This year he passed the matriculation examination with honours. Now he has got it into his head that he wants to become a doctor, and, though we have tried to make him see how impossible it is, he is as obstinate as a mule.

"Whatever we say does not seem to have the slightest effect upon him. We don't know what it would cost, but it must be very expensive, and we simply haven't the money to pay for it. Besides, we feel we have already done more for this one than we can possibly do for the others, and it doesn't seem fair to them. Could you kindly advise us what we ought to do?"

I CAN and will—gladly. My first word is one of congratulation to those parents on having such a promising son. Whatever they do, they must not curb that boy's ambition. If he wants to become a doctor, then let him have his way.

"But we haven't the money!" they say. Money? That is not an essential. Some of the giants in the medical profession of to-day were equally poor lads and they won their way through without costing their parents a farthing.

There are open scholarships offered which can take the right candidate through the whole medical curriculum. I feel sure that the headmaster who has such faith in this lad will help him to achieve his desires. After all, a boy who, possessing the few advantages he has had, can matriculate with honours, should not find any serious obstacle in gaining a scholarship.

"But what about our other children?" asks my correspondent. "Is it fair to them?" Why not? Their inclinations may lie in other directions. They may desire to undertake work that necessitates no sacrifice. There is this further point for them to consider. If this lad becomes a doctor he may be in a position later on to help his brother and sister with their careers. It is not favouritism but sheer common-sense to further a boy's natural desires.

Now let me add one further word. The advice given to this boy will, I know, bring me shoals of letters from would-be doctors. I am, of course, only too glad to help any promising candidate, but I must point out that the first step to a medical degree is to take the matriculation or other equivalent examination. Until that is done, no one can assist him along the road to his ambition.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
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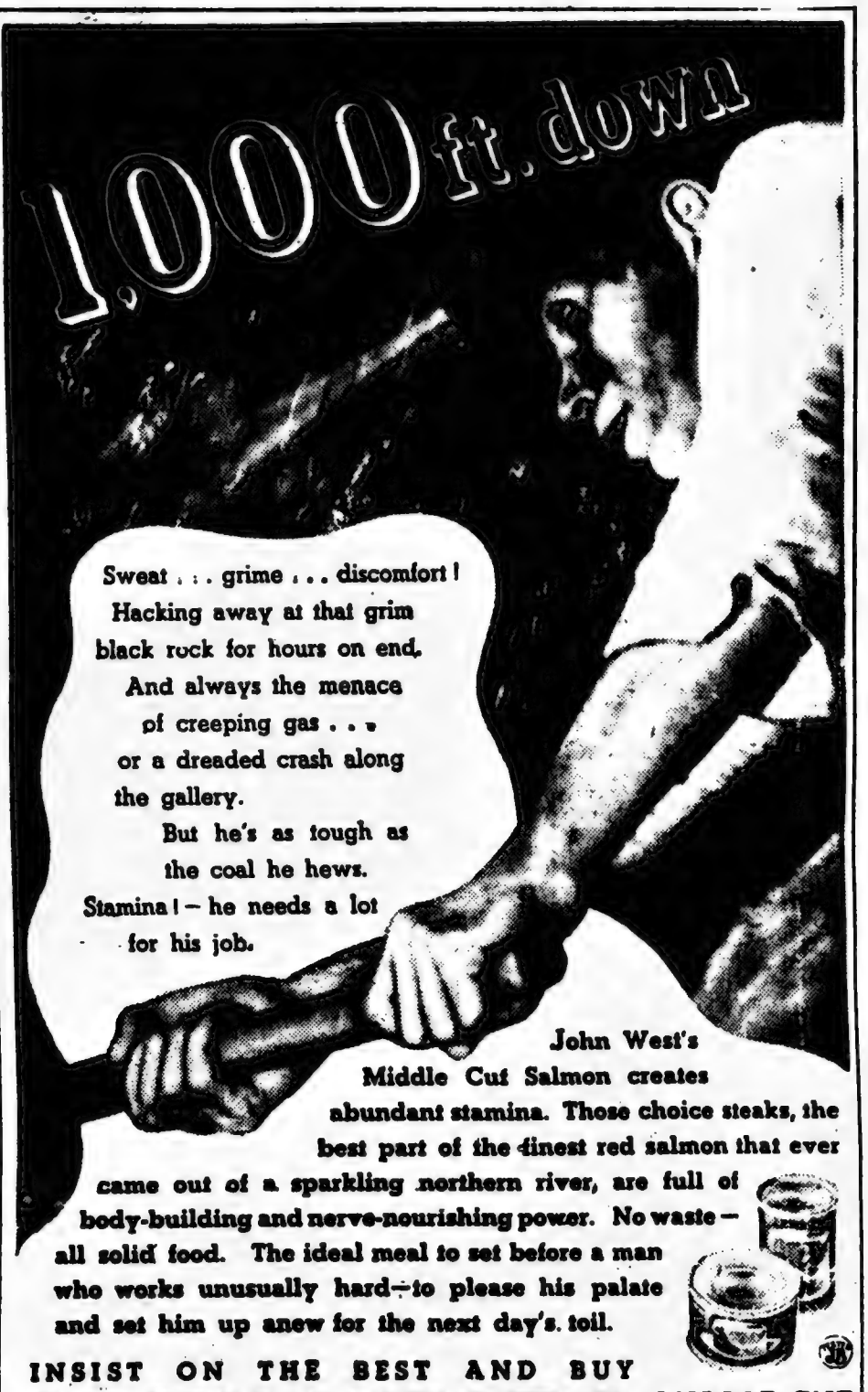

Sweat . . . grime . . . discomfort! Hacking away at that grim black rock for hours on end. And always the menace of creeping gas . . . or a dreaded crash along the gallery.

But he's as tough as the coal he hews. Stamina! — he needs a lot for his job.

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DOG NOT EATING?

—do this TO-DAY

IN summertime, it often happens that a dog is perfectly healthy and bright in the morning, and by evening is unwell, disinclined to eat, and perhaps a little bilious.

A dogs blood overheats on a warm day, and food impurities in his blood are aggravated by the heat. If he has not been conditioned lately, these blood impurities cause his stomach to become sour and his liver sluggish, and the dog turns away from his food.

The only way to restore his appetite and bring back his health and happy spirits is to purify his blood with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Act quickly before another warm day comes, or your dog will suffer serious loss of condition.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all common blood disorders, such as loss of appetite, listlessness, sulky temper, continual scratching, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.

2/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

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TASTELESS
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INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

Here's wonderful news for people who have suffered the miseries of indigestion. No matter how long you have suffered or how bad the symptoms, you can be cured.

All over the country doctors and hospitals are curing the most stubborn cases of wind, heartburn, flatulence, acidity and every form of indigestion with a formula so wonderful that it is actually avoiding operations for such serious dangers as gastric and duodenal ulcers.

You, too, can get the benefits of this discovery by asking your chemist for a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be careful about one thing. Be sure you get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

HAIR-FREE LIMBS

This Summer, find the glorious freedom from ugly hair: the Taky Way. One dab with Liquid Taky, crystal clear, and you will see the hair shrivel before your eyes. Modern research has at last evolved the ideal method—no messy mixing or evil smelling pastes. The most irritating part of your toilet will now be the easiest and quickest by using Liquid Taky.

OUR GUARANTEE.

Get Taky to-day from your Chemist or Stores. If not perfectly satisfied, return to us and your money refunded without question. Liquid Taky 2/6 Applicator Model and 1/9. Creme Taky 6d., 1/3 and 1/9.

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My Greatest Hour comes every week when—

I Kneel towards MECCA

Moslems bowed in prayer at the Shan Jehan Mosque at Woking

says the AGA KHAN

TO most people in this country I am known as a thoroughly Westernised man of affairs, a man who loves the theatre, the good restaurant and the race-course—a man who has learnt to enjoy the pleasures and the excitements of Western life, and who, most fortunate of all, has the money to gratify most of his whims, however expensive they may be.

By every racegoer in the British Isles, and, indeed, by everyone who reads the newspapers, I am regarded as a man who has gambled in thousands at Epsom and Ascot, an owner of numerous race-horses, who has won and lost huge sums at the Sport of Kings

Probably they would say my greatest hour must have been that in which I heard that I had won—as I so often have won—one or more of your big races.

But they would be wrong.

Probably those people, again, who know me as a statesman and diplomat would have other ideas.

Friday at noon

I have headed the Indian delegation at Geneva, and worked hard for years in political matters to ensure the future happiness of India. I have, I feel sure, enjoyed many great hours hearing of the success of some of my efforts in this field.

And the greatest hour in my political life, I feel sure, will be that in which I hear that India's future has been settled in a way satisfactory to all parties, as every good Indian believes it will be.

But the people who think my chief interest lies in politics would be wrong, too. My greatest hour has had no connection with the racecourse or with the political arena.

My greatest hour—I have no doubt of it—occurs regularly every week. It is on a Friday, and invariably some time after noon.

Every Friday, I, like every Moslem in the world, spend an hour in meditation and prayer. That hour is my greatest hour.

The little instrument which lies before me as I write—a watch and compass combined, which I carry with me wherever I go—tells me the time has come, and it also tells me in what direction I am to turn.

Always I must kneel facing Mecca, the Arabian town where my ancestor, Mohammed, the prophet of Islam, founded and practised the Mohammedan religion.

Millions' tribute

I am a direct descendant of the prophet, and a large number of the Mohammedan faith to-day—numbering about twenty millions—acknowledge me as their head. They pay me tribute, and worship me, who have the blood of their prophet in my veins.

But I, in turn, pray to him. Every Friday the time comes. I am a busy man, and it is on very few occasions indeed that I find myself in the Mohammedan mosques at Woking or in Paris. But whenever I can I make my way there.

If I cannot, I simply kneel down wherever I happen to be—it may be in an hotel, in Paris, London, or Monte Carlo; it may be in the sleeping-car of a trans-Continental express; it may be on the lakeside at Geneva; it may be in a London park.

It does not matter where I happen to be—the joy and exaltation are the same. All over the world, I know, millions of my co-religionists are doing the same, kneeling with their faces towards Mecca, praying to Allah, whom we worship, through Mohammed, who—we believe—is his only prophet.

Powerful religion

For an hour we kneel, undergoing spiritual exaltation such as we do not hope to experience in any other way. All the troubles and the difficulties of the world in which we live are forgotten. For an hour we put away all worldly desires and all worldly cares; we are in direct communion with perfection.

It matters not where I am—even if I am, as indeed is usually the case, surrounded by Christians, I remain a Mohammedan.

There are over two hundred million Mohammedans in the world to-day—over a tenth of the whole world's population—and at one time it looked as though the militant Mohammedans would have conquered the whole world and converted it by the sword. It was not to be, however, and to-day the faith is not spreading noticeably.

Bridge to eternity

Nevertheless, it includes people of every colour and race, from the white Berbers of Morocco and Algeria, the Arnauts of Albania—perhaps the purest in blood of all European races—and a large proportion of the populations of Serbia and Macedonia.

But our great strength is in Africa and Asia—millions upon millions in Persia, India, Central Asia, China and Siam.

We have our own forms of art, our own music, pictures, tapestries, buildings, our mosques, which are the admiration of the world, our carpets and ornate curtains and clothes, which were shown with such success at Burlington House in London two years ago.

We believe that this life is but a bridge towards eternity, and this inward conviction gives us a poise and a contentment during our mortal lives which, as it seems to us, very many of the world's religionists lack. The spiritual force of the Koran, by whose rigid rules we order every moment of our lives, is never far from us.

And during this hour, once every week, I am lost in contemplation of the after-world and its joys.

During that hour, two hundred millions think but one thought, two hundred million hearts beat as one. Such is the force of our faith that it is with the greatest ease that we forget our surroundings and our petty worldly cares.

"East is East . . ."

My way of life has taken me away from the slowly changing East to the West, which is ever swiftly changing. The work I have to do keeps me, for most of my time, in Europe, and on the move. I am a pacifist and an internationalist.

Yet I belong to no country in the West, but only to my people in the East. My skin, my religion, my taste in food, my way of thinking—all these make me differ profoundly from the people among whom I move.

It is not surprising, then, that I regard my greatest hour, not as the hour in which I may have achieved a success in Western eyes, but that hour when every week I pray to my Maker and meditate on His ways.

And am I not indeed a fortunate man, whose greatest hour recurs with the passing of every seven days?

A CHILD is BORN

Saturday, July 1, is the beginning of Baby Week, that great national effort to make maternity easier and safer, and to give children a better start in life.

You don't remember anything of the exciting, terrible business of being born—and very likely you have never stopped to wonder about the conditions under which other people were born.

So come with D. M. B. Collier on a tour of Baby-land in this week's *Passing Show*, out to-morrow—Friday. Here is an article vital to every woman—and every man, too

Younger Every Morning!

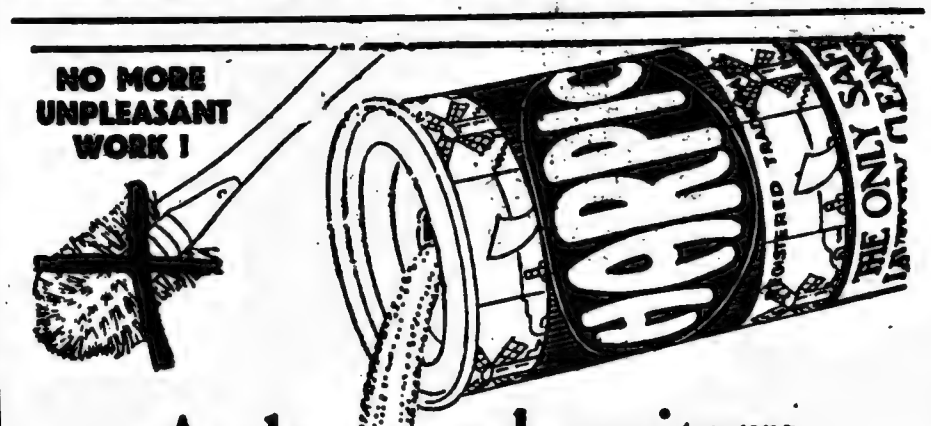
Try This Recipe To-night

Thanks to this marvellous discovery, wrinkles can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty.

Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes wrinkles and faded skin. These precious substances can now be restored by the amazing, recently found method of Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal, 'Biocel' the active principle of living cells is contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. By its use an aged, faded skin can quickly be nourished and rejuvenated — sallow complexion made clear and fresh. Try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference in the clearness and freshness of your skin. After one month's use, you will look at least ten years younger.

NO MORE UNPLEASANT WORK!



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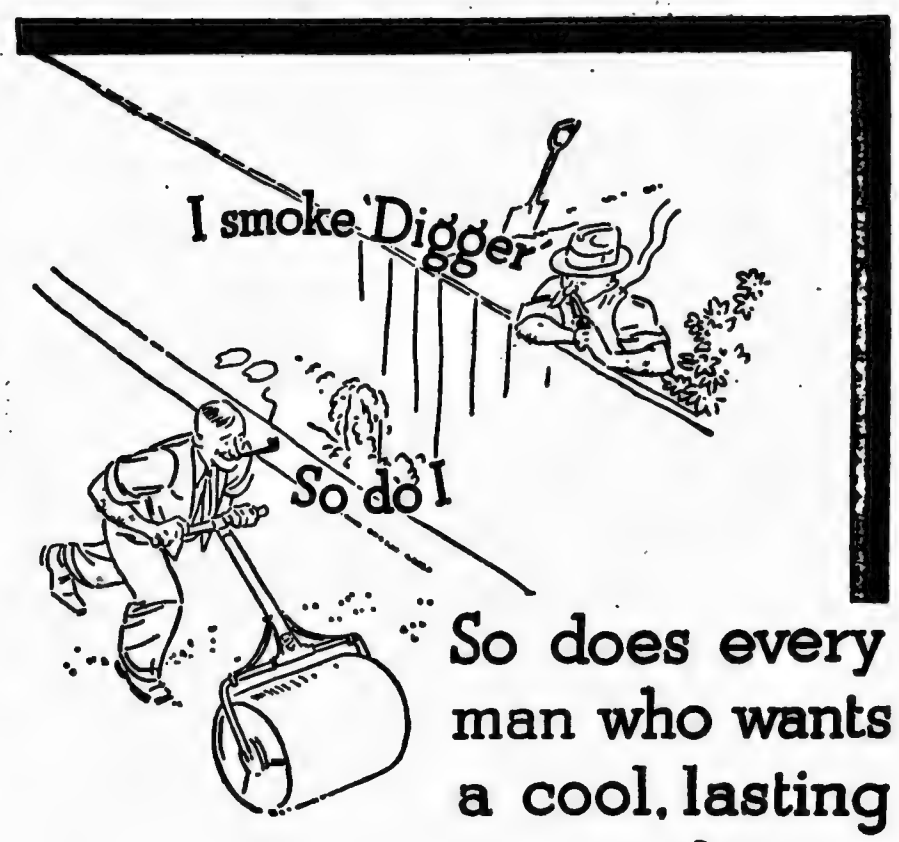

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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leaves the skin cool and refreshed

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You can make Beer or Stout

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A 50/- fountain pen . . . whisked from your pocket in a crowd perhaps. But if it's a 1933 Parker Duofold its loss will not entail buying a new pen. For every 1933 Parker Duofold is now replaced FREE if lost or stolen. Also you can have your signature (an exact facsimile) engraved on the barrel at no extra cost. Ask your nearest Accredited Parker Retailer to show you *unbreakable* Parker Duofolds at the same price as other pens.

CORNS

No matter how old or hard—

GONE IN 2 DAYS!

Pain Stops in Ten Seconds

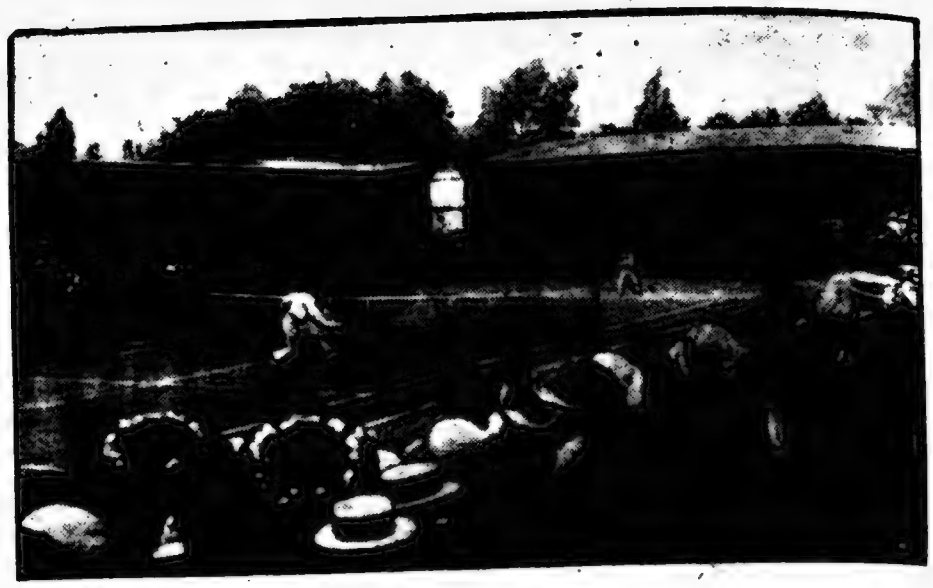
In ten seconds all pain will be gone! In two days the entire corn can be lifted out whole! So quick and sure is the action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (with the Medicated Disks included in every packet for obstinate corns). These thin, safe pads end the cause of corns—shoe pressure.

Special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Corns-between-Toes, and Bunions. From all Dr. Scholl Depots, Chemists, Shoe Stores—per packet 1/3d.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

THE world's tennis championships at Wimbledon are in full swing this week.

In the following interview Mr. William Coleman, who has been "nurse" of the famous courts for over forty years, takes our readers behind the scenes.



The old Centre Court at Wimbledon in 1912, with the five-sweatered Gobert in play against Decugis

Secrets of the Centre Court

I SUPPOSE that the Centre Court at Wimbledon is one of the most famous pieces of turf in the world. If it isn't also one of the best, then it ought to be. We take enough care of it.

I've been working at it now for more years than I like to think of—ever since, as a boy of twelve, I began at the old Wimbledon in Worple Road. I used to lead the pony that drew the lawn-mower, and I earned 7s. a week.

My father was the groundsman then in charge of the courts, and he had two boys to help him. Now there are twelve men under me.

We didn't let the pony on the courts, of course, but he mowed all the grass round, and, so that his hooves wouldn't damage the turf, my father had special leather boots made for him, which he used to put on. The courts were mown by hand.

We had no worm-killer in those days, and at night, particularly after rain, the worms used to emerge. I remember, when Mr. H. F. Lawford was a tournament player, he was devoted to fishing, so at about ten o'clock at night he used to send us boys out with a couple of carriage lamps on to the Centre Court to fill a few jam-jars with worms for his bait.

I recollect hearing a story, too, how he ordered my father to get up early in the morning and walk over the Centre Court in his bare feet to see if it was "true." Whether Dad ever did so I don't know.

Not such a crowd!

Things were, of course, much simpler in those early days—not necessarily easier for us, but less scientific. The tarpaulin, for instance, was just laid flat on the ground, and if the rain came on during a match, it had to be dragged over. I can remember in the early 'nineties, when Mr. A. J. Chitty was secretary, he and the committeemen would run out and give us a hand with it.

Then, if you put the tarpaulin on overnight, you had to be up before sunrise the next morning, because, if the sun once beat on it, the grass was scorched. Now the big tent over the Centre Court is so high that we can work under it, and it doesn't matter if it is up for a week.

In those very early days a crowd of four hundred would be a big attendance for the finals, and the "teas" were done by a local caterer, with a couple of coppers to boil the water behind the stand.

To get to the Royal box it was necessary to cross the Centre Court. I remember one year the present King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of York, were there, and it came on to rain heavily.

The Centre Court was simply flooded, and before they could leave the Royal box we had to lay down planks for them to get across the court.

Umbrella play

People may be interested to know that the same roller we used for the Centre Court then is still in use at Wimbledon now—on Court No. 1.

While play was going on I was a ball-boy, and, believe me, it was worth while to be a ball-boy in those days. There was always the regular tip, and then a wet afternoon meant good business for us.

There were no telephones, and people would send us running to the post-office with telegrams saying, "Rain at Wimbledon. Late for dinner," or something like that.

Renshaw was the first exponent of the fast service. There were just benches then round the Centre Court, and the people sat quite close. I remember he used to hit the ball so hard that the ladies would put up their umbrellas if they saw one coming, and often enough I have seen the ball go clean through one.

Gobert, the Frenchman, who used to play with Decugis before the war, generally came on the court wearing about five sweaters. Then he would get so hot and excited that between games he would go to the side and sponge his face—and then drink the same water. He didn't know. He was much too excited.

Once he was playing with Decugis in a doubles, and at a critical part in the match he sent off for a glass of brandy. When the brandy came Decugis said nothing, but walked up to the boy carrying it, seized it, and threw it, glass and all, crashing to the ground. Then he turned to Gobert and let forth a flood of French. I often wish I had understood what he said.

My own particular hero was J. C. Parke, the champion beater. I was Parke's mascot, and used to go to the Centre Court with him and sit at the side as long as the match lasted. He still comes up to the "meeting" every year, and we always have a talk together over old times.

My disastrous start

The first Wimbledon that I was in charge of the ground was in 1907, and it was a very sad year for me. My wife had lost her father in March, and the evening we got back from the funeral my brother died. He had been my father's right-hand man, and my father missed him very much.

About ten days before Wimbledon my father also fell ill, and died on the opening day. That was how I came to take over, and I could not have begun under more unhappy circumstances. However, I saw the meeting through for them, and have been here ever since.

Even before the war the Centre Court was always guarded day and night during the Wimbledon fortnight. For the rest of the year it is always closely watched during the day, and at night the police take over. *Nobody could walk on the Centre Court at any time without being challenged.*

When we came to the new Wimbledon I laid the Centre Court myself. We used turf from the Solway. The first season there were complaints that it was too slow, so we sowed the Outside Court with special seed, grew it, and then cut the turves for the Centre Court the next year. This time they complained it was too slippery. After that we just took the turf from one of the outside courts and laid it down. So nobody now can say there is any difference.

I remember, when Tilden was brought on to see the new Centre Court, he looked at it, pressed it with his foot, and said: "If I don't win on that, it won't be your fault."

Talking about Tilden reminds me of a match between Borotra and Cochet we were both watching. It had got to the point when it looked as if Borotra would win, so I said: "It looks as if that is over."

". . . and he lost"

Tilden replied: "I once knew a man who was 5—2 in the third set, having won the first two—and he lost. No, this match isn't over yet. You never can tell what will happen till the last ball." He referred, of course, to his own dramatic defeat by Cochet in 1927.

Although the care of the Centre Court goes on throughout the whole year, the intensive period begins three weeks before the championships.

Then every day we treat it as if it were to be played on—mow it, roll it for an hour and a half, and *mark it out.*

Some people say it looks badly worn at the end of the tournament. But wait a minute. Sometimes there are five matches played on it in one afternoon. What other piece of turf is subjected to more than one match a day? So, when you remember it gets nearly a week's ordinary wear on one afternoon, and that it has to stand that for a fortnight, I think you'll agree that it doesn't do so badly.

Are they pampered?

The players nowadays keep you up to the mark. They want the turf dry and *fast.* They can't play without a "background" up—that is, the 6 ft. green canvas at each end and the 3 ft. canvas round the sides. In the old days the only background they had were the ladies' coloured frocks, but I think they played just as well. If the Doherty brothers were still alive, I'd be inclined to back them even against these young men. Even the balls have to be kept in cold storage now.

But in 1909 Roper Barrett and A. W. Gore used to go to business in the City in the morning, and come out to play for England in the afternoon—*and win.*

I'm not at all sure that we don't do too much for the players now, that we don't make things too easy for them. If they had to rough it a bit sometimes it might be better for their game.

They picked out King for promotion

It's easy to see how King came to be taken more notice of. He stands out from the other men by his well-shaved look—in striking contrast to their scrubby chins. Morning after morning it's the same. You can tell at once that King is not one of those men who shave one day and miss the next, or who use ordinary soap. Not he—for he uses Lever's Easy Shaving Stick, which gives him the keenest, most comfortable shave *every* morning. That's because it's a soap made for the job—as you can tell from its rich, creamy lather. And King gets a hundred perfect shaves for a mere sixpence. That's all his Lever's Easy costs him. Try it yourself. Sixpence is little enough to pay for a hundred shaves such as may lead to promotion for *you*.

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT E 226-172-33

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. NO. 10

Gulliver prepares for his visit to the Palace

"In anticipation of my visit to the Emperor, I decided that it would become me to give my shoes a rub with 'Cherry Blossom.' In this I was assisted by two Lilliputians anxious to test the marvels of this famous polish. Everybody expressed their great astonishment at its remarkable ease and brilliance."

Cherry Blossom
BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan, and Tonette. In Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d., and 6d.

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"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since and no return of the baldness."

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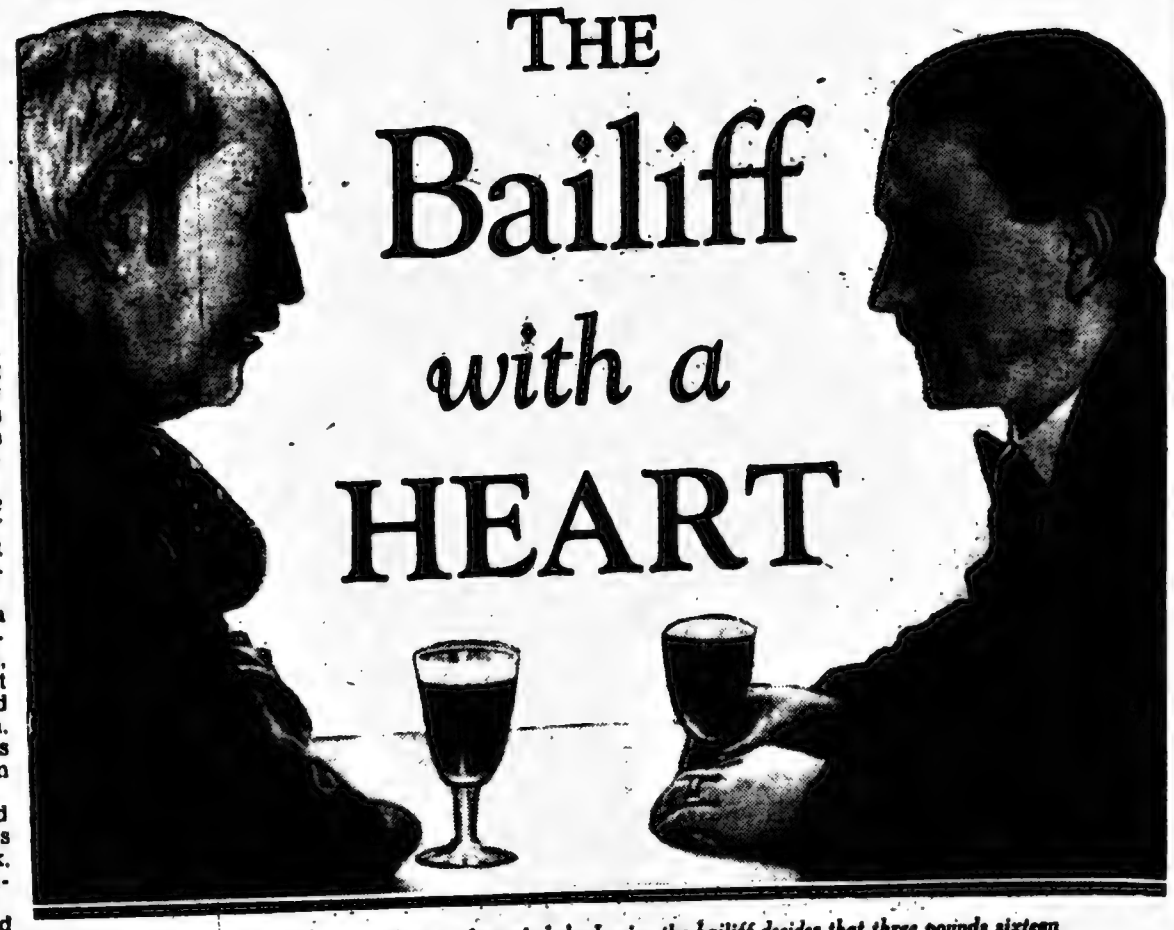
Per large bottle 1/3 *Or convenient handbag size* 6D.

by
A FARMER

THE Bailiff *with a* HEART



Over a glass of rhubarb wine the bailiff decides that three pounds sixteen is a fair and reasonable offer

I HAVE had the bailiff in to distrain for tithes. Heart-breaking? Well, bailiffs being just as human as other people, it was not really as bad an experience as I expected.

The landlord of one of the village "pubs" gave us the hint that the bailiff was approaching.

"Came in for a half-pint a few minutes ago," he said, presenting himself at my door all ruffled and out of breath. "so I left the missus to serve him and ran up to tell you."

While I directed certain mysterious movements of stock, the landlord completed his story.

The bailiff had come in for a drink rather nervous, he said. He seemed anxious to point out that if he didn't do his job somebody else would. Then he recalled how he had had jollifications at the farm he was visiting, and had taken part in church bazaars on the lawn.

"But that was when farming was what it used to be in the good old days," he said mournfully.

A small crowd gathered round my gate before the bailiff arrived. In some strange way the news of the tragedy that was pending had spread. Then I saw somebody in rough tweeds and leggings forcing his way through them towards the gate, and a minute later the representative of the Law was at my door.

"Forty pounds seventeen," he muttered, trying to find more suitable words and failing, trying to unfold a huge bundle of official papers and failing just as dismally, because his fingers were shaking.

"Come in, Jim," I said.

The old days . . .

Once he was seated in my old-fashioned saddle-back chair his old, friendly manner reappeared. He stuffed away his papers and regained a measure of composure.

"Remember when you used to brew your own beer here?" he asked, smiling. "And all the hands, and your dad, and the rest of the family used to have a sing-song over it? That was before you were losing money and finding it hard to keep on with the old hands, when you didn't have to struggle ——"

Then he suddenly remembered he was a bailiff and coughed awkwardly.

"I ought to have told you I've come to sell you up," he said sadly. . . . "Forty pounds seventeen."

He fumbled for his papers again, and daren't produce them. And after that we were all silent for a long while.

When he spoke again it was not to make reference to his official duties but merely to observe, in a strained and trembling voice: "Lovely old beer that home-made stuff of your dad's used to be."

Home-brewed

Well, business is business, even to a bailiff; and after an hour or more of chat he seemed to remember that he had a job to keep, wife and kids to maintain, and that this wasn't the best way of doing it.

"I'm going out for an hour," he said, rising to go, and feeling his back pocket to make sure that his papers were still safe. "To give you time to find as much as you can, Jim," he added. "And as it's a dry job, I must get some lunch."

We were very active, my wife and I, while he was away. She was able to find five bottles of rhubarb wine, made many years ago when we had brewed our own beer. I, for my part, raked up just three pounds sixteen."

A nervous knock at the door—and there he was again, his roll of papers in his hands this time, and a look of forced determination on his face.

"Forty pounds seventeen," he said. 'I've got to ask you for it or the law must take its course. Forty pounds seventeen"—and then, his courage ebbing again, "or whatever you have it in mind that you can afford to give."

My offer of less than four pounds seemed rather small when he was standing at the door. But when I had him seated again in the old saddle-back chair, it was, he said, "far better than nothing, believe me, Jim."

When a bottle of rhubarb wine was uncorked in his presence, he recalled tasting it "when the old dad was alive" and finding it "the best in these parts," and described three pounds sixteen as a very fair and reasonable offer.

He told me, before he left, that he would inform the Queen Anne's Bounty people that I was doing my level best, and that I wouldn't find them as hard as they were painted, anyhow. And then, as he approached the door, he confided to me whisperingly that if I had to find a little more than I could afford, he had a few pounds locked away that he could lend, and that he knew a man he could trust when he saw one.

A little pretence

Then the door opened. I saw the crowd at the gate still waiting. I noticed a look of anger on the face of every one.

"And, mind you," said the bailiff loudly, in a voice they could all hear, "you must do the best you can in the matter, or you know as well as I do what will happen"—in a voice of such stern authority that I had to laugh.

As he went through the gate I heard a subdued hiss. And then his voice rose above it all, loud and angry, telling them they were fools if they didn't realise that a man had to do his duty, however hard and cruel it might appear. . . .

I laughed as I threw myself in the saddle-back chair, laughed, that is, until I noticed that my wife was crying—crying because she thought herself such a silly for worrying so much this last few weeks.

Then old Fred came in hatless and breathless to tell us that the local train had left, the bailiff with it. After that willing hands brought the horses back from their temporary cover to the old farm stable, and the sheep to browse on our own pastures.

And as I looked at them I wished and wished again that they would make me enough money to pay the next tithe that became due—if only to spare the feelings of the bailiff and his equally humane and sentimental colleague, the local auctioneer.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

WOMAN'S OWN:—"I have decided to devote this week's article exclusively to the cure of shiny NOSES."

ALFRETON AND BELPER JOURNAL:—"There were also charges for telephone MASSAGES."

NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"His great-GRANDMOTHER is Mr. ——."

BULLETIN:—"The blow was low, and HOOD lay WRITHING in agony."

ENFIELD GAZETTE AND OBSERVER:—"On occasions even the elementary rules of debate were FRAGRANTLY ignored."

WREXHAM LEADER:—"Some of the ingenious road signals which WARM travellers."

BRISTOL EVENING NEWS:—"The Prince of Wales left Falmouth to-day in an R.A.F flying-GOAT."

IRISH WEEKLY AND ULSTER EXAMINER:—"The CROCK regiment of the Bersiglieri."

NORTH WALES CHRONICLE:—"The surveyor reporting upon the enquiry as to whether a MILK-supply could be obtained from the town water-supply."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"His portrayal of a fickle LIVER."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A heavy volume of dealings in industrials was the feature of yesterday's SOCK markets."

STREATHAM NEWS:—"In 1914, Mr. Lloyd George swooped on the REPUBLICANS and increased the tax on beer."

CARDIFF TIMES:—"LEAKS grown from seed."

WAKEFIELD EXPRESS:—"The Bench were going to show their disapproval by FINDING him £15."

ILFORD RECORDER:—"In each instance the TWINS have comprised two boys and a girl."

SOUTH DEVON GAZETTE:—"'LANE of Hope and Glory' by the boys and girls."

UTTOXETER ADVERTISER:—"Messrs. Ramfords achieved a further success with their PATIENT Diesel engine."

HOME GARDENING:—"In the case of Alpine pinks, these PARKS may take from six to eight weeks to germinate."

CLITHEROE ADVERTISER:—"Labourer Discovered in Mental Discussion."

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BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

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BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

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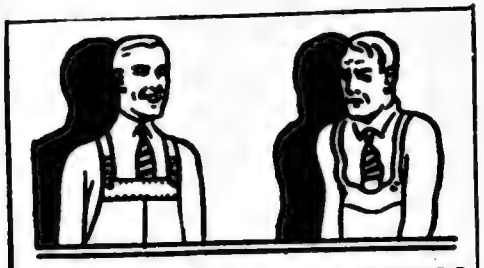

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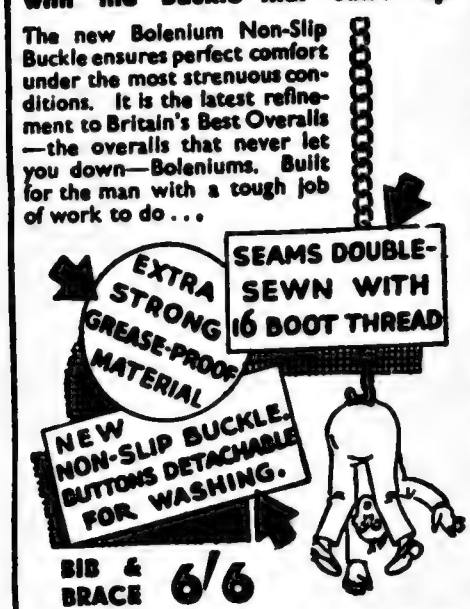
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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

The HOLIDAY THRILL I'll never forget

IN Egypt on holiday I was returning to Cairo one sweltering day. Near Boulac I experienced the greatest thrill of my life—sunset in the desert.

Cairo, in the foreground, glittered with all the glamour of the East. Old Nilus, like a silver snake, twined around feathery palms, with the mighty Pyramids behind, while in the western sky was a blaze of glory altogether indescribable.

Crimsons, scarlets, emeralds, purples, violets and blues were mingled in one amazing mass of gorgeous colour, shot through with bars of purest gold, as if heaven's glory was bursting on the earth!—*E. H., Denbigh.*

A Full Day

London, city of thrills! Just imagine two "country yokels," who had previously hardly ventured outside their own county, alone in the great metropolis, with no guide-book, no idea or fixed plan to follow, just following their noses.

Yet we saw most of the sights, travelled by Tube, found and visited Olympia, heard Big Ben, saw a super-show, and found ourselves back at Paddington at midnight in time to catch the train for home.

Why, it was just one continual thrill.—*J. H. Thomas, Cornwall.*

Lucky Drop

While blackberrying among some rocks, where the bushes grew in crevices, my friend lost her footing and slipped 20 ft. from the ground.

For five minutes I held her whole weight with one arm, then our hands, moistened by the heat, slowly slipped apart and she went crashing down the rough surface of the rock.

Silence—I pictured a still, twisted body down there. I felt sick. Then she shouted, quaveringly it's true. She had landed on some newly turned soil that was quite soft, and though badly cut and bruised was not seriously damaged.—*L. A. F., Wigan.*

Down to the Sea

Who deserves more praise than the rough-and-ready fishermen? I had the pleasure and opportunity to spend a week with eight of them.

I was impressed by the power of the sea, and the way the small trawler battled against it. They showed me how to steer the ship, how the fishes were caught, and how to obtain a glimpse of a large tunny-fish just by throwing a small fish on the surface of the water.

I was also thrilled to see how these men lived under such conditions.—*L. Gascoigne, Derbyshire.*

Terrifying Wait

Returning from a holiday in Darjeeling, 7,000 ft. up the Himalaya mountains, we were in a small, low train, specially designed for the dangerous journey.

It was a pitch dark night, tropical rain beating down incessantly. We had just passed over a roaring waterfall into thick jungle, when we suddenly stopped.

A landslide was right across the line.

Hours passed and we sat still, not knowing at what moment thousands of tons of earth would crush us to death; but eventually the line was cleared and we were able to proceed.—*G. Pearson, Liverpool.*

Near Enough

We were camping at the foot of Mount Rundle in the Rocky Mountains. Our entertainment at dusk was to go to the "dump"—where the refuse of Banff was thrown—to watch the bears come down the opposite mountainside and scramble for tit-bits.

One evening a sudden scream behind me caused me to turn, and not four yards away was a big fat bear ambling along. He had circled the "dump."

His nearness certainly gave me all the thrill I wanted.—*A. R. P., Crayford.*

Father Found

I lost my mother at birth, and soon afterwards my father drifted away, leaving grandmother to bring me up. In 1930, while on holiday at Weymouth, I got in conversation with an old seaman, and soon he was telling me his life-story.

Losing his wife twenty-five years before, in his grief he left his home and child and eventually went to sea. Ashamed to return, he had wandered the world over.

He showed me a photo of his wife on their wedding-day. I gazed on my mother's face. I had found my father.—*W. James, Somerset.*

Fearful Grandeur

Only those who have seen the grandeur of the Niagara Falls can understand the thrill it gave me to board a little tug and go so near them that I was wet with the spray. There were about two dozen passengers aboard, and we were all supplied with oilskin hats and coats.

We went quite close to them, and my heart beat furiously with the daring of it. The roar of the Falls and the glistening spray will live in my memory as the most thrilling holiday experience I ever had.—*Mrs. Mackie, Ayrshire.*

In the Dark

While spending a holiday in Durham, a relative, a mine official, took me down one of the pits.

While making our way towards the coal face, one lamp went out. Continuing our way, we met impenetrable darkness. We stopped, I perspiring through the cramped position. All seemed quiet and still. I spoke; but no reply came.

Suddenly my guide's lamp penetrated the darkness. Afterwards, I discovered he had hidden the lamp under his jacket and kept silent, helping me to experience one of the perils of a miner's life.—*J. D., Shepherd's Bush.*

Fogbound

"Ship ashore!" That cry thrilled everyone aboard the *Peel Castle* on June 7, 1924, just off Douglas, immediately after a loud grating noise had warned us something was amiss.

We were fogbound, and orders were given to prepare the life-boats. There were many hearts beating furiously, but happily the fog cleared, and we were high and dry on the sands.

Although "shipwrecked" until high-tide, we had a glorious time aboard after our "thrilling escape."—*J. W. W., Leeds.*

Not a Ghost

While on holiday at the village of Horton I was told the local legend. In the Middle Ages a nun disappeared while walking across the fields between Horton and Hinton-Martel.

Villagers claimed they had seen her spectre on several occasions. I was amused and incredulous.

Walking across these fields at dusk I was scared to see the ghostly white form of a nun. I stopped, rooted to the spot.

As she passed the "ghost" said, "Good evening." It was a real nun.—*T. Clegg, Brighton.*

* * *

When I arrived at the top of San Salvatore in Switzerland, the supreme majesty of snow-capped mountains glistening in the sunshine almost took my breath away.—*Traveller, Hants.*

After a few years in "digs," I can safely say that my first visit home held the greatest thrill of any holiday. Then did I understand the full meaning of "Home, Sweet Home."—*T. B., Kidderminster.*

I shall never forget the thrill I felt as the train rushed over the Forth Bridge. The size of the girders amazed me, and I could not but marvel at the brain which conceived this wonderfully strong, yet beautiful, structure.—*Joan Dick, Hawick.*

It was the Sunday-school annual picnic. Scholars and teachers were going to the seaside to spend the day. For me it was the innocent childish thrill of a country lassie spending her first seaside holiday.—*"Workman's Wife," Midmar.*

We arrived at New York in brilliant sunshine, and saw for the first time the wonderful sky-scrapers, the tops of which seemed to reach the sky.—*R. Clover, Suffolk.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, July 4.

The Decision I Always Regret Having Made

Race with "Silver Ring"

Year's Biggest Gamble

THERE is a lull in the racing storm until Sandown Park, with its Eclipse Stakes, and "Glorious" Goodwood come along, but the publication of the entries for the Stewards' Cup, the biggest gamble of the year, will maintain interest.

In the "Stewards" I think I have found another Hyperion, and the venturesome who like a long shot might have a trifle on at the present price. The horse is Alluvial, a son of Pondoland, owned by Mr. J. B. Joel and trained by Peck.

Popular "Ally Pally," with its famous soup-plate track, is the centre of attraction this week-end, and the London Cup is the principal item on the card.

Nitsichin's trainer, Thrale, probably has the winner of the race in Bunkawai. The horse won readily at Folkestone and is nicely treated with 7 st.

Douglas won the July Handicap at 100 to 8 for "Code" followers twelve months ago, and I hope to see him bring off the "double." Stop Gap in the Tottenham Plate and Gillgowan in the Hornsey Handicap I also regard as having good chances.

This week's issue of the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition contains experts' information for the First July Meeting at Newmarket. All the best racing journalists contribute to this successful publication, which is obtainable at any newsagent's, price 2d.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 29, to Wednesday, July 5.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

93989694WZKJ94 would read INTERLACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

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Free Gifts to all agents and Big Money Competitions. Send P.C. NOW for Complete Outfit and start earning right away.—Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., 43, Old Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

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"..... One of the most interesting items was the fact that the machine was equipped with the new Dunlop Sprite Covers. They are distinctly tyres for the light bicycle de luxe, and are certainly the most lively wired-on covers sold by the Dunlop concern for many years past. The tread, which is of the ribbed, non-mud-slinging pattern, has sufficient rubber in it for all normal use, and the walls are really open-sided. With the Sprite the wheels are given that pleasant, 'silky' feeling normally associated with hand-made products."
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MADE IN TWO SIZES
26" x 1¼" & 26" x 1⅜"

Cover 7/6 Tube 3/-

Seven points worth noting

1. It is an open-sided cover with a black tread.
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BUY "BOLENIUM" SUPER OVERALLS with the buckle that cannot slip. Built for the man with a tough job of work to do. "Boleniums" will never let you down! See p. 34.

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IF YOU ARE RUPTURED write to London Surgical Co. (Dept. J.B.9) for partics. of inexpensive appliances. Address: 22, St. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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A 4 FREE GIFTS COUPON for samples of "ZEE-KOL" Ointment and Pills, Medicated Soap, and "DOGE" Face Cream appears in the "Zee-Kol" advt. on the Back Cover. Secure your samples now.

A SAMPLE of Urace for Rheumatism is offered in the advt. on page 38.

WOULD you like to try "WINCARNIS"? A sample bottle will be sent to every reader who sends 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 320), Wincarnis Works, Norwich. This offer appears on the Front Cover.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Beal's, Headrow, Leeds.

START A BUSINESS of your own at home! Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in the lucrative fascinating Postal business. A free folder "How to Start a Postal Business" fully describes the famous Hand system, and a copy will be sent post free without obligation if you write to Secretary, (P) Hand & Co., 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

FREE. A sample tube of "Shavex." Simply cut out coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover. Attach name and address and send 2d. stamp.

HAVE you had a copy of the "TURF" Gift Booklet? This is offered free to readers of *John Bull* who write to Carreras, Ltd. (Dept. 305), 55, Piccadilly, London, W.1. See p. 6.

FOUR SALOON CARS and 1,000 additional novel and useful prizes are being distributed to winners and runners-up in a simple Slogan Competition to users of "VERIBEST" CORNED BEEF. Further partics. appear on p. 23.

FREE.—A new and patented Razor. Simply send 1/ for 4 "SHAVEX" SUPER BLADES (the usual shop price) and the Razor and Blades will come by return. This offer appears on the Back Cover.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH AND FITNESS by Wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further partics. See advt. on p. 37.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE advt. on p. 28 for a copy of the NEW Free Gift Book and voucher for 5 free coupons. Send for this Free Gift Book now—while you think of it.

FREE.—The antiseptic properties of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE keep dental decay germs at bay. A free 7-day gift tube is offered to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 37.

EVERY READER ought to have the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.12), Hull.

POST your films to W. R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on p. 37. Write for tariff-list "J.B."

A LARGE sample box of DR. WATSON'S Home-Brewed Ale or Stout for 6d. Offer appears on p. 22.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE—AND YOUR HOLIDAY PROBLEMS FOR LIFE!

20/-
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£200
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OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE
ADDED AWARD OF SEASON TICKET
—for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword Contest.
VALUE £2

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE £150 FOR RUNNERS UP

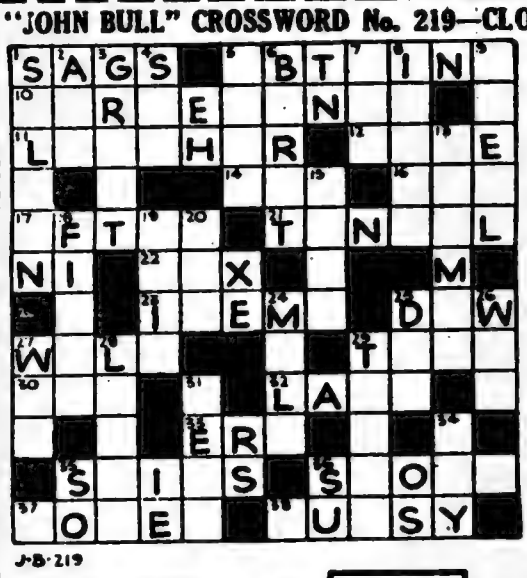
REGISTER for our free weekly *Crossword Gazette* with Coupon on page 39.

ANOTHER great 3-in-1 Holiday Prize is waiting to be won this week—the fine round sum of £200 down, a succession of 20s. cheques arriving every week of your life and a permanent solution to your annual holiday problem by the added award of a £20 cheque every August as long as you live!

Tackle the entertaining little problem below, see that your entry is in by noon Thursday, July 6, and a telegram on Thursday, July 13, may bring you astonishing news from "John Bull."

Make hay in Crosswords whilst the Sun is shining!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 219—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1933.



J·B·219

J·B·219

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 219—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1933.

J·B·219

J·B·219

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately, and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 6, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 20, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 1, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

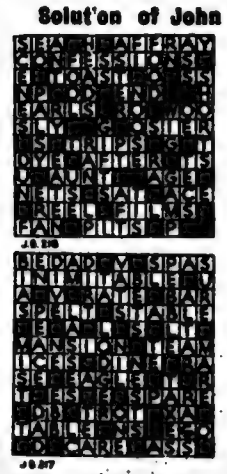
CLUES ACROSS

1. Hangs down
5. Gets
10. Contracts
11. Our shoes are made of this
12. Otherwise
14. Quite modern
16. Fish that is difficult to hold
17. Many times
21. It glitters in the limelight
22. Aggravate
23. Particulars
25. Early morning moisture
27. State of good health
29. Makes sea water flow
30. Fuss
32. Fat used in cooking
33. Before
35. The heavens
36. Yarn revolves round this
37. What we find picking winner
38. Sometimes describes woman

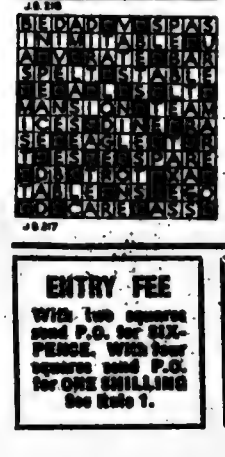
CLUES DOWN

1. Takes sportsmen to Scotland
2. Number of years
3. May savour of bribery
4. Series of games of tennis
5. Horseshoe is a good one
6. Perky little French hat, often worn by Prince
7. Devoured
8. Islands
9. Some fish have a strong one
13. Appeared
15. Bookie needs plenty of these to prosper
18. Beware of getting, when in a job
19. Wicked
20. Fish are caught in this
24. A miss is sometimes as good as
25. Past tense of "do"
26. Don't get caught in this
27. Some wives have a little one with their husbands
28. Craft may be seen in
29. Are taken on holiday
31. Can make a man look repulsive
34. Crying often shows mother's

Solut'on of John Bull X-Words Nos. 216 and 217



J·B·216



J·B·217

Winners in Crossword No. 216 appear on page 28 Winners in Crossword No. 217 will be published next week.

The solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 216 and 217 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors.

We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this Crossword, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 219, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

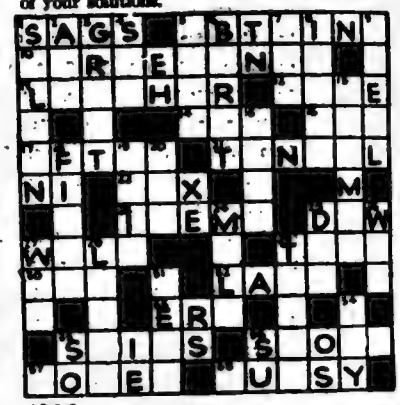
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20s. a week, a £20 yearly Holiday Cheque and £200 Cash (or a lump sum of £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 13, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 20, 1933.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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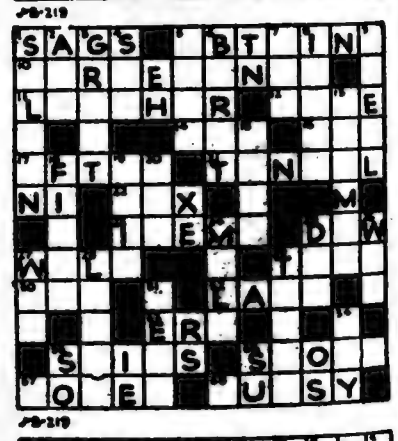

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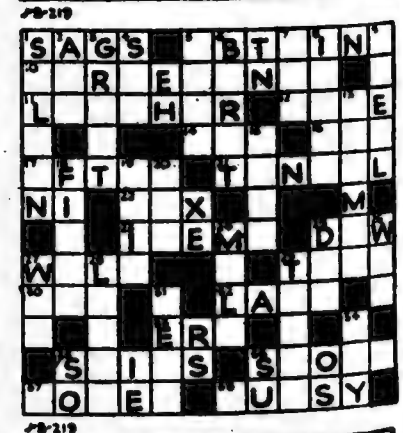

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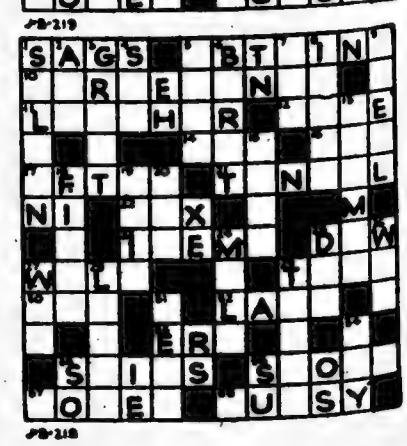


J·B·219

The Editor Laughs LAST

by Jane Nöel and R. J. Bailey

ERNIE:

W. P. (Alford).—"Can we have some motoring notes in JOHN BULL?" Certainly—Honk! honk! honk!

D. F. (Dumfries).—"Going on holiday costs much more than it once did." So does staying at home.

R. G. (Southport).—"How can I cure myself of the tobacco habit?" Marry a woman who objects to smoking.

M. A. (Oxford).—"What makes a clever young student neglect a promising career for a pretty girl?" The pretty girl.

T. L. (Colchester).—"My car is the latest out." Because it is usually the first to go in the garage?

L. S. R. (Swindon).—"I have found a way to turn out the gas without getting out of bed." You make the wife get up?

O. N. (Hull).—"I can't make my money go far enough." We can't make it come near enough.

HELGA (Cromer).—"A girl next door imitates me in every way." Very annoying. Tell her to stop acting the fool.

TOM (Yelverton).—"My girl is a delightful little kitten." Then you're warned about the future.

VICKY (Felixstowe).—"My new boy says I am very dear to him." He takes you out a lot?

PADDLER (Easton).—"I want a holiday where there is plenty of sand." What about the Sahara?

W. P. (Gayton).—"Who admires the girl with a boyish figure?" The boy with a girlish figure.

B. W. (Saltwell).—"Do modern girls make poor mothers?" They certainly make poor fathers.

J. E. D. (Aberdare).—"The present-day theatre lacks costume plays." And costume.

BERT (Colchester).—"She is a girl after my own heart." And most girls get what they're after nowadays.

E. K. (St. Albans).—"A tiny lace night-cap trimmed with artificial flowers is very dainty." A fairly large one with no soda is a neat idea, too.

R. M. (Yealmpton).—"Scientists say that it will soon be possible to forecast our weather twenty years ahead." As if we haven't enough worries already.

W. L. R. (Lanark).—"I found it a costly business having our initials engraved on the engagement-ring." And that was only the initial expense.

F. N. (Bradford).—"Should margarine be pronounced with a soft 'g' or a hard 'g'?" Margarine is soft in summer and hard in winter.

L. M. (Mayfair).—"Dark blouses with light-coloured suits are fashionable for women this year." For men, dark suits with light pockets will be usual.

PETE (Colorado).—"Just outside my door the Grand Canyon is almost a mile deep." So you have no trouble over your old razor blades.

EMPLOYER (Leeds).—"It is the older men who have a good head for figures." Well, the younger ones have a good eye for them.

JOHN B. (Fareham).—"The woman I am to marry hopes to qualify as a barrister." We should just love to hear the cross-examination you will get on your first late homecoming.

G. R. D. (Bristol).—"One of the gorillas in a private zoo uses a knife and fork and has its food served on a large plate." It probably has a very poor opinion of those people who eat out of paper bags.

MRS. B. (Bury).—"I am a poor loser." Have your efforts to reduce failed?

AUTHOR (Odney).—"My new book has many stirring passages." Is it a cookery-book?

R. H. (Exeter).—"When shall we cease asking what the world is coming to?" When it is coming to.

J. S. (London, S.).—"I lived for seven years in a big house in the country." No time off for good conduct?

F. N. (London, W.).—"I always know where my husband is at nights." Is he a wireless announcer?

M.P. (Westminster).—"If the Houses of Parliament caught fire the occupants could escape in a very short time." So it would be of no use.

M. H. (Perth).—"What is a sure sign of rain?" Puddles.

G. N. (London, E.).—"I was standing at the door of the public-house." So you could stand?

P. R. (Lowestoft).—"Poor people make the best neighbours." They can't afford a gramophone, a wireless, and a piano.

MOTORIST (Buraledon).—"The new traffic signals are lifeless affairs." Not enough "Go" about them?

ADVENTURER (Uxbridge).—"When I come in and tell you my story, you will urge me to go on." Yes—on your way.

D. L. B. (Berwick).—"After I was married I got a present of a wireless set." Troubles never come singly.

ANNOYED (Rugby).—"Do you laugh at all the articles people send you?" Well, all except the humorous ones.

NEWLY WED (York).—"I feel sure I have made a good match." Because your husband never goes out?

M. W. (Ilford).—"What does a quiet young man want with a butterfly type of girl?" Plenty of money.

HORTICULTURIST (Epsom).—"We can't improve on Nature." But pedestrians would welcome the production of a non-skid banana skin.

W. K. (Lynton).—"An Austrian chauffeur is attempting to walk 250 miles on his hands." Perhaps he has corns on his feet.

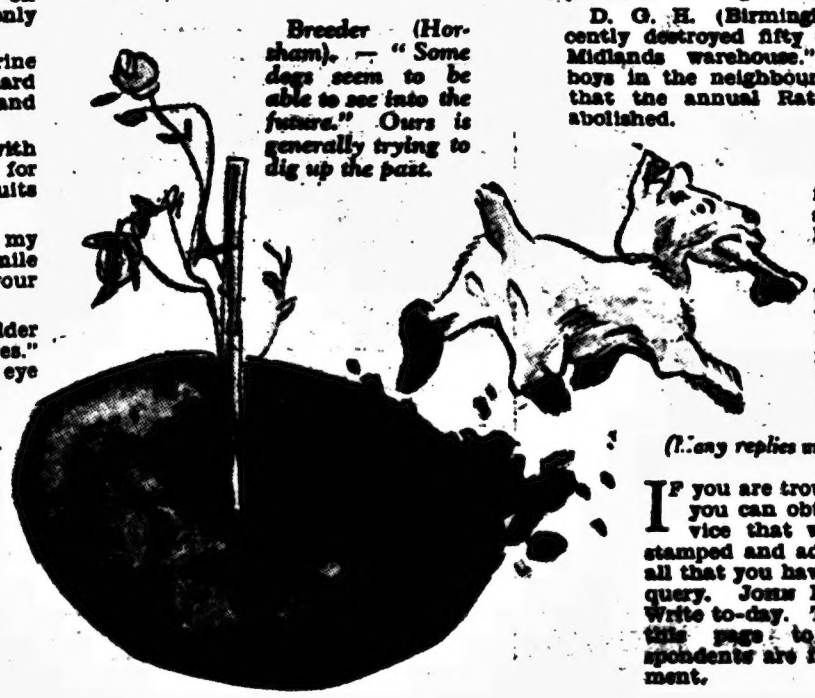
ANTI-SLIM (Upware).—"Scraggy girls stand no chance when looking round for a husband." They'll have to look rounder.

MEXICO (Glasgow).—"A cough ought to be attended to straight away." Waitresses and post-office assistants, however, don't care.

T. T. (Hilborough).—"As I was passing an inn a dog rushed out and bit me." Another reason, besides the weather, for not passing one.

DRIVER (Haddington).—"I notice it is rather hard to read the rear number-plate of some motor-cycles." Especially when the girl on the pillion has attractive legs.

Breeder (Horsham).—"Some dogs seem to be able to see into the future." Ours is generally trying to dig up the past.



R. E. (Cardiff).—"Men's fashions decree broader shoulders this year." Necessity also demands stiffer backbones.

MISS K. (Durham).—"What do you think of girls who shop in shorts?" They are cool customers.

G. B. L. (Stockholm).—"Divorces are practically unknown in Sweden." The land of safety matches.

MRS. D. (Doncaster).—"A decent girl wouldn't be seen in one of these modern bathing-costumes." Oh, wouldn't she!

F. J. (Ampthill).—"I bought a talking parrot from a professional golfer." Well, that's one way of increasing your vocabulary.

MISS B. T. (Epsom).—"I like a man's suit to match his hair—brown hair, brown suit; black hair, black suit." And how does a baldheaded man fare?

P. T. (Harrow).—"Only one great singer has inspired a chef to produce a masterpiece—the Peach Melba." What about the Oyster Patti?

FILM STAR (Hollywood).—"I had the worst reception I've ever had when I last came to London." Didn't anyone recognise you?

A. B. (Handsworth).—"If a wife insists on her husband staying at home five nights in the week, what must he do?" Stay at home five nights in the week.

F. W. M. (Belvedere).—"At the rate I'm going, my next holiday will be in about 1953." Enter a coupon from page 39 for this week's £750 and £30 Holiday Cheque yearly for life. You may well be able to take it twenty years sooner.

F. J. (Hampstead).—"What would you have done if you had discovered on coming out of the water that your clothes had been stolen?" Shivered.

J. McT. (Aberdeen).—"If you wanted to set a man a very hard task, what would you tell him to do?" Look for cigarette-ends in Aberdeen.

H. J. L. (Sandbach).—"Although I am a gardener, an expert says I am a perfect dancer." Perhaps he saw you after a prong of the garden fork pierced the sole of your old working shoes.

D. G. H. (Birmingham).—"Rats recently destroyed fifty tons of soap in a Midlands warehouse." Grateful small boys in the neighbourhood are insisting that the annual Rat Week should be abolished.

SMALL INVESTOR (Darwen).—"What is there in the stocking business?" Legs.

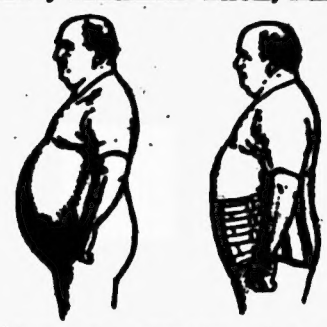
R. W. (Colchester).—"I am going to shoot at Bisley this year." It is not a very big place, but you ought to be able to hit it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write, Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiers. This will not place you under any obligation.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

POST YOUR FILMS to Will Rose AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS"

(The Prints that are magnified) (Registered)

CHESTER: 22, Bridge Street Row.
OXFORD: 133/134, High Street.
CHELTENHAM: 25, Promenade.

Over 60,000 Receiving Stations. Your nearest Pillar Box or Boots Branch is one of them. *Write for list J.B.*

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

Resting your feet in a 'Reudel' foot-bath instantly soothes and quickly banishes CORNS, callouses ACHING, SWELLING SORENESS TENDERNESS etc.

'REUDEL' BATH CUBE 2d OF ALL CHEMISTS

Send for this Free Gift Book.

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 25. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT

—but you've got to pay!

A sudden strain at work or play and the damage is done . . . weeks of work—possibly the sack. Don't risk it! Ruptures, varicocele and prostate gland take their daily toll of thousands of active men through lack of that "vital" support afforded by the "Litesome" Belt—the finest, cheapest "Health Insurance" possible. Protects you, however hard you work, keeps you fresh, fit and alert all day. Soft, easy, washable, unsurpassable; recommended by 3,000 Doctors. 4/6 at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, etc., or direct (Booklet Free).

BANISH THE RISK OF RUPTURE

F. BURTLEY LTD., Victoria Park Works, Frimley, Surrey.

The Litesome NEW TYPE HYGIENIC BODY BELT

OUTLASTS 6 SUSPENSORY BANDAGES

FREE! A 1/- TUBE OF *Shadforth* TOOTHPASTE.

Every reader should turn to the Shadforth advt. on p. 18, in which several everyday pain relieving remedies are published at prices well within the reach of all. With every order to the value of no less than the low sum of 2/9, Mr. Shadforth will send as a special free gift to "John Bull" readers a full-size tube of his new Tooth Paste, retailed at his shops at 1/-. Accept this free offer now.

£3,700 Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 216

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the £3,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £750 will be sent:—

W. Brunsden, 46, Meadow Walk, Ewell, Surrey.
Mrs. M. Dobby, 14, Hillgate, Thirsk, Yorks.
J. Meatt, 36, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, W.6.
K. L. Smith, 197, Bicker Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 11th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions, and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £300 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 20 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £15. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An additional £300 will be shared among those Winners and Runners-up who are registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette."

The extra £100 for the prize-winning entrant whose square adjoining winning solution contains fewest errors has been won by:—

G. C. Agarwala, 234, Barking Road, E.16,

whose winning coupon contained one error only on each square.

BONUS WINNERS:—In Crossword No. 214, 120 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 13s. 7d. each have been despatched. In Crossword No. 215, 120 competitors qualified and payments of 10s. 3d. have been despatched.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Three-in-One Award, with prizes for runners-up appears on Page 36. Try your skill now!

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

STUBBORN CASES YIELD TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

3 SPECIAL OFFERS.

Don't overlook the special offers made by the Shavex Zee-Kol Co. on the Back Cover. A free sample tube of Shavex, and samples of Zee-Kol Ointment, etc., will be sent to all readers who cut out the coupons and comply with the conditions. A marvellous offer of a Razor and 4 super Blades for only 1/- also appears in advt.

TURN TO THE BACK COVER.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Full list of Accessories Free

Graves Speed King, "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the World can offer. It is a sound engineering job & gives you pride of ownership & genuine pleasure every time you ride it.

5/2 MONTH

DUNLOP SADDLE Waterproof cot. Spiral Springs.
HANS RENOLD Best Chain in the World.
DUNLOP TYRES Full Roadster. Wired Edges.
CHROMIUM PLATE Brilliant Finish Throughout.
Lady's or Gent's £3:17:6
No extra for Easy Payments.
Same machine with Sturmey-Archer 3 Speed Gear, Lady's or Gent's. £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly

WE DELIVER this magnificent machine Carriage Paid for 5/2 with order and 14 payments of 5/2 per month. No extra. Approval allowed for riding test.

CATALOGUE POST FREE of Ladies and Gent's 3-Speed All-Weather Models, Light Roadsters, Club Models, Tandems, & Juvenile Cycles. Easy Terms.

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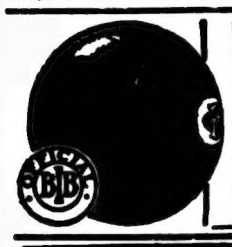
A FREE OFFER

The New Elasto Treatment, which is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles and kindred ailments, is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



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Write for FREE *catalogue*
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£2 STOCK *Given* FREE

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS—DOUBLE YOUR INCOME! STOCK GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED! No experience necessary. YOU can earn a substantial income regularly each week. Our Offer of FREE STOCK GUARANTEES SUCCESS!

Write Dept. J.B. 3, Sartor Mfg. Co., Derby Street, MANCHESTER.

POST THIS ADVERT TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS

FREE

PSORIASIS

ALL SKIN DISEASES and BAD LEGS.

Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists*, BRADFORD, YORKS.

Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

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Grand Suits at 42/-, 49/-, 56/-, 63/-, 70/- and 84/-. Delivered now, payment from 5/- monthly. Any cloth and any style you wish. Lovely Suitings in attractive fashionable cloths at money-saving prices. Correct fit & full satisfaction guaranteed. Full Range of Patterns Post Free

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FOR YOUR KIND OF

RHEUMATISM

Gout	Sciatica	Kidney Troubles
Cramp	Neuralgia	Influenza
Backache	Nerve Pains	Lumbago, etc.

Uric acid poisoning is the *one* cause of all these forms of rheumatism. They can *all* be cured by URACE Brand Tablets, which dissolve and remove the acid. They banish pain and purify the blood.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE to URACE LABORATORIES (Dept. 53), 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

1/3 3/ 5/ from your chemist. URACE

HE CONJURED £750 from Under his Hat!

EGGS, rabbits and the flags of all nations are the usual things a conjurer produces with the help of his magic wand.

But Mr. O. Bolingbroke, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh, is a magician who has done better than that. Using a pen as his wand, he has just produced from a slip of paper the First Prize of £750 and a Week's Free Motoring in our 896th *Bullets* Contest!

Six months ago he started rehearsing for this performance, thanks to friends who were keen "Bulleteers" themselves. He soon found their enthusiasm for the hobby infectious—and now he is taking his bow as a *Bullets* star.

There was really no magic about his *Bullet*, however, it came into his mind as the result of listening to a seller of quack medicines, addressing a crowd in an Edinburgh square. Remembering this incident led him to the winning effort, CURE FOR DEPRESSION—"QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.

* * *

The Second Prize-winner in this Contest is accustomed to facing a different kind of audience. He is Mr. S. O. Belcher, 38, Gaza Lines, Catterick Camp, an Army schoolmaster whose eighteen months' service in *Bullets* had been marked only by two half-crown "decorations."

The words he fitted together into a *Bullet* were —GRATITUDE—OR PLATITUDE? "THANK HEAVEN!" And his big reward for this neat and thoughtful effort was £30 and a Week's Free Motoring.

* * *

"Ever since the news of my Third Prize arrived," says Mr. A. Whitaker, 146, Vesper Road, Kirkstall, "my wife has done nothing but plan what to do with the cash. Some long-desired carpets are already on her list!"

Those carpets and a score of other luxuries, too have been made possible by a £30 and Free Motoring prize for his *Bullet*, LOST BALL—WORLD, IN MY GARDEN. Success has come to this hard-working shipping clerk after years of struggling to land a big cheque, and this is his first appearance in the prize-list.

"I have always felt," he tells us, "that success depends on getting the *Bullets* atmosphere and then plodding away."

* * *

By arranging a few simple words of everyday English in neat and effective fashion, these "Bulleteers," in varying walks of life, have secured for their holidays as much as £900 in prize-money.

To-day, in the Giant Holiday Offer on the opposite page, fifty "Bulleteers" are to benefit by the distribution of prizes totalling over £1,250.

Make one of those coupons into a magic carpet to take you for your holiday. But remember the monster 2-in-1 Holiday First and the 49 other big awards are within your reach only until Saturday, July 8

TAKE THIS SHORT CUT

Each one of the winners referred to above attributes his success to the valuable aid of *Bullets Bulletin*.

By filling up the coupon on the opposite page you can make sure of a regular supply of this free guide to success, together with *John Bull's Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's Couplets Courier*.

Although it costs but ½d. postage, this 3-in-1 competition journal is packed with pointers to the prize-list.

23 BIG "BULLETS" CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 897:

Mr. C. DAY, 91, Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.

Example:—AT THE CONFERENCE
Bullet:—WORD-SPINNING—WORLD REELING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. JONES, 17, Nant-ddu Terrace, Edwardsville, Treharris.
Example: Painting The Future
Bullet: Prevents Me From "Rotting."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. C. CANKETT, Craigness, St. Julian's Park, Newport, Mon.
Example: Looking At Life
Bullet: Differently—"Three Parts Gone."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. G. BOARD, 120, Wellington Street, Cardiff.
In The Heat Of The Moment—Let *Coolness* "Strike" Adversary.

Miss F. M. DENNIS, Whitehouse, Beech Avenue, Radlett, Herts.
Spent—For Others, "Banked" Above.

W. J. DOWNIE, 11, Highfield Road, Acton, W.
Our Friend, The Policeman—"Institution"—College Seems Stupid.

Dr. G. W. DUNLOP, 554, Lytham Road, Blackpool.
Our Friend, The Policeman—"Encyclopedia"—With Little Book.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

J. J. GRIFFIN, 4, East Street, King's Lynn.
At The Conference—Ado Overdone—"Do" Overdue.

Miss A. KINDRICK, 196, Palatine Road, Blackpool.
In The Heat Of The Moment — Postpone Decision Of Moment.

R. C. LAMPSON, Whitmoor Common, Guildford.
Got Me Through—Followed "Bigger Man" Closely.

C. PRYCE, 24, St. George's Road, London, S.E.
All Agreed—Bar Pa—Pa? Bah!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. A. STONE, 5, Etchingham Road, Leyton, London, E.
To Revive Trade—Ships' Propellers, Best "Fans."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. E. WEBBER, 21, Sefton Park, Bristol.
In Her Heart—Splinter From Sonny's Cruiser

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

S. C. BAILEY, 114, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.
In The Heat Of The Moment—Solly 'Phone *Petrol* Station!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

H. J. DINGLE, 5, Falcon Villas, Charlbury, Oxon.
Out Of Tune—Birds—"My Nightingale" Gone.

G. DIXON, Woodbank, Menston-in-Wharfedale.
Eye-wash—Auntie's "Not Another Drop!"

G. FORBES, 56, Stoneybank Crescent, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
Final Blow—"You Can't Starve Here!"
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. HALL, 7, Lees Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.
Back To Nature—Nudist—Till Tooth Aches

B. J. HIGSON, 96, Beake Avenue, Radford, Coventry.
Got Me Through—Bad Time—Good Second
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

T. LIDDELL, 4, Miller Street, Wishaw.
In The Heat Of The Moment—Don't "Bang" Heart's Door."

D. MOFFAT, 86, Stenhouse Street, Cowdenbeath, Fife
Whole-heartedly—Ramsay Makes Vague Statement.

W. OGG, 46, Craigiehall Street, Glasgow.
Naughty Child—Ticked Off—*Tucked In.*
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

F. S. THOMPSON, 253, Fordhouse Lane, Stirchley, Birmingham.
Got Me Through—Crowd, A little *Sneering*

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

£2 BONUSES. As announced in connection with *Bullets* No. 897, every cash prize-winner whose successful coupon bore a correct forecast of the best of six given First Prize efforts will receive an additional £2 Bonus. The best effort, decided by a committee of adjudicators, was No. 4.

Huge Holiday Offer Marks "Bullets" 900th Contest!

ONE week before August arrives, JOHN BULL will be distributing the 50 big Holiday Prizes in the Giant Offer now before you.

If you enter the best *Bullet* this week a fortune of £750 will be yours at once and a £30 Holiday Cheque will be paid to you every July as long as you live, commencing this year. Should you prefer to take your winnings in one huge lump sum, a £1,000 cheque will be yours.

Since 49 other big Holiday Cheques follow this enormous 2-in-1 First, all to be despatched on July 26, this is a week of golden opportunity indeed.

Let a quiet half-hour with the *Examples* this evening put you amongst the first 50 winners of this year's Holiday Prizes.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

ANY little incident which you have seen or taken part in, any interesting happening or opinion culled from your newspaper, may be condensed into the few necessary words and bring you a big Holiday Cheque.

Some of the *Examples* will bring a stream of thoughts into your mind—others, though less inviting at first glance, may suit your purpose even better when you settle down to a careful consideration of their possibilities.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. For instance, in considering the *Example* MOTHER'S MISTAKE, you might jot down the rough idea, *Working Herself Too Hard*. By carefully improving the phrasing of that first thought, you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, MOTHER'S MISTAKE—"DRIVING" HERSELF, IGNORING "LIMIT."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page.

Then get busy on your own *Bullets*, remembering that you have only one week in which to win and that your efforts must be in by Saturday, July 8.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

RESCUING BRITANNIA
BATTLE OF GIANTS
ALL OVER THE LAND
ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE
BY THE STREAM
PEACE OF MIND
ONE SUMMER NIGHT
"PHEW!"
BABY'S WAY
JOY FOR EVER
WHEN DAD WENT SWIMMING
BIG ATTRACTION
NERVOUSLY
LOOKING TO HIS LAURELS
WHEN I'M OUT
LOST SHEEP
UP AT DAWN
BUSY FACTORY
THING OF BEAUTY
MOTHER'S MISTAKE
SNATCHED AWAY
WHEN A MAN'S HANDY
HIDDEN TRAGEDY
WORST OF THE LOT
DIRTY WORK
FALLING OFF
MADE HER DRY UP
TO GET A JOB
FOR LIFE
THE RAIN STOPPED AND
SCREAMING FOR HELP
HEARD BY THE SEA

TO HELP YOU WIN

As hundreds of winners have testified, your finest training for success is a regular service of hints direct from *Bullets* headquarters.

This you can obtain by registering for a 12 weeks' supply of JOHN BULL'S free guide to the prize-list, "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, with which comes *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier* and JOHN BULL'S invaluable *Crossword Gazette*. It is yours every Thursday for the mere cost of postage—order to-day!

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 900 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 896 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Stewart Hutchison, 50, Mayfield Road, Edinburgh.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(900) Closing SAT., July 8 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(900) Closing SAT., July 8 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(900) Closing SAT., July 8 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(900) Closing SAT., July 8 — P.O. No _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 900, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave, and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex,' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving.

What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest, and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in the sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in **6D 1/- & 1/6** Tubes and **1/6** Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
Of all Chemists and Stores.
One Blade 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades, 1/3

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX
Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. Shavex is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formation of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

JIM: "Hello, Old Boys, have you been travelling on the train for two days and I never knew?—and only by accident I saw you."
TOM: "Surely, Jim, you have not been travelling for two days and looking so spruce; why, you look as fresh as a daisy. What a splendid shave you must have had. How did you get it, because we have not had one for two days, especially as we can hardly get a drop of water on the train."
JIM: "Well, you will laugh when I tell how I get such a fine shave. I have a tube of 'SHAVEX' and my Safety Razor which take up no room. I just smear a little 'SHAVEX' over my face and, believe me, I am shaved in a couple of minutes and no one can feel and look better than I do. Not only do I get the closest shave I've ever had, but my skin feels like satin and I'm sure it keeps wrinkles away. Well, old fellows, I'll go and fetch my tube of 'SHAVEX' and after a shave with it you'll feel wonderfully fresh and look different men. I never travel anywhere without my tube of 'SHAVEX' as it makes one feel so civilised."

A Revolutionary RAZOR OUTFIT FOR 1/-

RAZOR AND 4 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Never before has a blade been produced that gives such extraordinary smooth, easy shaves, and makes shaving such a delight. Shavex Blades glide over the face, without irritating the most sensitive skin; they are a joy and comfort to the man with the toughest beard and the most delicate skin.

The Shavex Blades owe their wonderful keenness and smooth cut to a secret process and to the expensive steel they are made from. Every Blade is tested by expert men and is guaranteed by us. The Shavex Blades are a wonder to every new user and their superiority is simply amazing. They last longer than any other blade, therefore they are cheapest. They give that happy, pleasing sensation after a shave that makes one face the world contented, sure of one's appearance.

Ask your chemist for our 1/- Razor outfit and you will be convinced that never before has it been possible to offer anything like the quality of the Shavex outfit for this price. Highly organised modern manufacturing methods alone have brought within the reach of every man a Razor of unique design and 4 Blades of superlative keenness—the perfect shaving combination for only 1/-.

Shavex Blades 1/3 per packet of five, are obtainable at all Chemists, or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

SCALP IRRITATION.
Zee-Kol thinned with any oil and rubbed well into the scalp removes Dandruff and Irritation.

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning, its effect is marvellous.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd, (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps.

Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."
Miss PHYLLIS DARE.

It is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d., instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S14)
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

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